MACMAHON BALL : Japan Revisited

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	389
THE LABOUR PARTY AND E.D.C.	392
JAPAN REVISITED. By W. MacMahon Ball	392
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	393
LAMENT FROM EDEN. By Sagittarius	394
THIS ENGLAND	394
CONGO SAGA. By Basil Davidson	394
NEW WAYS IN OLD PRISONS. By C. H. Rolph	395
DESIGN FOR SELLING. By Mervyn Jones	396
SURVIVAL OF THE RICHEST. By Rani Sinha	398
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Art Is Slow. By John Berger	398
Love of the Medium. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	400
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	
Stratford. By T. C. Worsley	400
Look and Listen. By William Salter	402
The Movies. By William Whitebait	403
CORRESPONDENCE	404
From Michael Stewart, M.P.; James Johnson, M.P.; W. P. Tamukedde Zake; T. Balogh; Mary Wedd; E. R. Billam; W. D. Denton; Faith Sheppard; Benedict Nicolson; Michael MacOwan.	
ONE-MAN BAND	407
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	409
THERE. By Thomas Blackburn	410
ARDGOUR. By Ann Faber	410
REVIEWS:	
American Liberal. By Norman MacKenzie	410
Instigations to Procedures. By Donald Davie	410
Love in an Old Climate. By Ralph Partridge	412
A Great Collector. By Benedict Nicolson	412
Karachi and Beyond. By Dorothy Woodman	414
Educational Pantechnicon. By John Garrett	415
The Soul in Paraphrase. By Andrew Wordsworth	416
Beating the Idol. By A. J. P. Taylor	416
New Novels. By Walter Allen	417
SHORTER REVIEWS	417
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	419
CHESS. By Assiac	419
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	420

The Fukuryu Maru and the Future of Mankind

WHEN, on the first day of this month, the American military authorities exploded a hydrogen bomb at their Bikini testing ground and, in so doing, showered radio-active ash on the fishing vessel *Fukuryu Maru*, they were responsible for a miscalculation of historic importance. It is bad enough that fishermen, going about their lawful business twenty miles outside the prohibited zone, should be poisoned and have their catch contaminated. But, if that were all, one could agree that a slight increase in the recognised danger area around the testing ground would dispose of the problem for the future. Two other factors, however, put a very different complexion on it all. First, a second Japanese fishing vessel, the *Shunyo Maru*, has returned to port and has been found—together with its catch—to be slightly radio-active. On March 1, the *Shunyo Maru* was 1,000 miles from Bikini: the nearest it ever approached to the test area was 200 miles away six days later. Secondly, the Americans have announced for next month further explosions in the Bikini test area, one of them, at any rate, four times as great as that of March 1.

The civilised world must ask, while there is still time, what is the point of such fearful experiments. The development of the "fusion" bomb (which involves the building up, by a process similar to that which occurs in the sun, of hydrogen atoms into helium) has no present or foreseeable purpose except for destruction: its explosion, unlike that of the well-known "fission" process, cannot be regulated or controlled for industrial purposes. There is no upper limit to its size. The explosion which damaged the *Fukuryu Maru* was already six hundred times that of the "fission" bomb which destroyed Hiroshima. Had it been touched off anywhere in the centre of Britain, its danger area would have included the whole of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, together with Northern France and the North-west fringe of Germany. A bomb big enough to spread its destruction over the whole of Europe is now a near possibility—perhaps as near as the next Bikini explosion, a matter of weeks away.

Can any consideration of reason or conscience justify this kind of insensate destruction, not only of man and his civilisation but, as seems very likely, of the balance of nature itself? Certainly, we can conceive no valid military argument which justifies a further draining of precious resources into this terrifying *cul-de-sac* of science. It seems likely that U.S. scientists are still somewhat ahead of their Soviet rivals in both the size and number of the explosions they can create. But there is every reason to think that the margin is not a great one, that both sides are, in fact, now able to explode hydrogen bombs. As Professor Blackett argued so cogently in these columns on February 13 last, the military sanction is now so prodigious (and so tactically useless) that something approaching a stalemate between the Powers may have been reached. Moreover, the latest Bikini explosion greatly reinforces our own view that Britain cannot afford to waste its substance by entering, for outmoded reasons of prestige and in competition with Powers many times our size, on an atomic arms race—which has no end and no sane military objective.

But neither Britain nor the other smaller nations can be content merely to stand aside and wait for Russians and Americans to destroy the earth—in some circumstances without even consulting the innocent victims, their allies—by the use as a deterrent of the very evil they seek to deter. If there is indeed stalemate, or near stalemate, between the military giants, then the lesser Powers have an opportunity of taking the initiative. Mankind as a whole, on whichever side of the Iron Curtain it dwells, must learn from the case of the *Fukuryu Maru* that there can be no victory in hydrogen war. It becomes the very mark of humanity to resist its outbreak, at no matter what cost to long-accepted policies and prejudices.

Farm Price Guarantees

Flags, one is asked to suppose, might have been flown over the Ministry of Agriculture this week in celebration of a double success. The Annual Review of farm prices has resulted, so Sir Thomas Dugdale has assured the House of Commons, in a 1954-55 programme of revised guarantees which not merely satisfies the farmers—an important element in electoral calculations—but represents a respectable saving to the taxpayer. We are to go on marching, albeit at a slightly more leisurely pace, towards the target of 50 per cent. domestic production of the foodstuffs we consume: but not one single additional feather is to soften the farmer's bed. On the contrary, guaranteed prices for the 1955 harvest of the main cereals are to be cut by a minimum of 3 per cent.; there is to be a 5 per cent. reduction in pig prices; and the guaranteed price of milk is to be reduced by a penny a gallon, with the guarantee limited, roughly speaking, to the quantity needed for liquid consumption, *i.e.*, about four-fifths of the total. In the case of potatoes, a support price is to take the place of a fixed price for the 1955 harvest; and in the case of both pigs and eggs (whose support price is unchanged) a formula has been devised which will produce variations in the support price to conform with changes in the price of feeding stuffs. The farmers are told that they must be more efficient, that greater emphasis must be placed on lower costs and better quality. The taxpayer is assured that the Ministry has thus demonstrated that a schedule of guaranteed farm prices can be made flexible without damage to farmers' confidence in the future; and that, thanks to the recent fall in the cost of feed (more than offsetting higher farm wages) there will be a saving to the Treasury of £23m. in 1954-55 and over £30m. in a full year.

Where is the Policy?

Such is the Government's claim, but the reality is somewhat different. The Ministry is entitled to praise for recognising, in principle, that there must be an end to a policy of securing maximum output regardless of cost; but the saving which is promised in the total cost of farming subsidies is highly hypothetical. The world level of food prices is unmistakably declining. As it is, millers are buying wheat at £24 a ton; but, even for the 1955 harvest, the support price for British wheat is to be £30 per ton, so that, including handling and transport charges, the subsidy element in the price at the mills can hardly be less than £10 a ton, and may be much more if world prices fall further. In a buyers' market the eventual cost of support prices cannot be estimated with any precision; but there is no reason whatever to expect any reduction, during 1954-55, in the present annual rate of £200m. at which farm subsidies are now running. This is a formidable figure; and sooner or later Parliament will have to ask whether the country is getting value for money and, more particularly, whether the subsidies are being scientifically applied. In the case of milk, for example, the new programme shows no signs of any endeavour to secure concentration of output from low-cost producers; nor is there any visible recognition of the fact that it is the small man, working marginal land, who really needs assistance—not the large, generously capitalised "factory" farm. For low-cost producers, the support prices may be needlessly high: indeed, for the farming community in general, assistance should probably lie along the lines, not so much of inflated prices as of assured outlets for production—with subsidies directed, in a much greater degree, towards the provision of capital for improvements to land, stock and plant. It is not surprising if farmers are satisfied with the results of the Annual Review: they must at least be glad that they have been, broadly speaking, reprieved. The taxpayer is less likely to applaud. What the Government has done in fact is to shelve the whole problem for another year.

The Viet Minh and Geneva

With so much of the future of France dependent on the successful negotiation of a cease-fire in Viet-Nam, either before or as a result of the Geneva Conference, it is worth examining what indications there have been, since the Korean truce, that Ho Chi Minh is prepared to negotiate. Last November, a Swedish newspaper, *Expressen*, published a significant cable over the signature of Ho Chi Minh. It was in reply to questions which had been submitted by the journal on November 5, and Ho's answers were transmitted through the Peking Embassy of the Viet Minh Republic. They included the following passage:

> If the French colonialists now want to continue their war of reconquest, the Vietnamese people are determined to persist in their patriotic struggle until final victory. But if, having learned the lesson of these years of war, the French Government wishes to have an armistice and settle the question by negotiations, the people and Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Minh will be ready to meet the French proposal. Let the French Government cease hostilities and the armistice will become a reality. The basis of such an armistice is that the French Government should really respect the independence of Vietnam.

Ten days later the Viet Minh radio repeated that Ho was ready to negotiate if France would respect Vietnamese independence. On December 17, during his ceremonial address on the eve of the seventh anniversary of the war, Ho again affirmed: ". . . if the French Government want to have an armistice through negotiations and to settle the problem by peaceful means, the people and Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Minh will be ready to talk with the French Government." Twelve days later, Ho again stated his desire for negotiation. Finally, on March 10, Ho's Foreign Minister, Hoang Minh Giam, was quoted by Peking radio as saying: "By order of the Government I reassert President Ho Chi Minh's offer [given to *Expressen* last November]: "It is the present fundamental policy of the Government . . . to solve the Indo-China question." Whether these repeated approaches are anything more than political warfare it is impossible to say. But they have not been put to the test, and it is surprising that among Western statesmen only the Canadian Premier has affirmed his strong support for Mr. Nehru's appeal for a cease-fire.

More Freedom for Sterling

The Government's decision to free the London gold market, and to make sterling usable with fewer restrictions in transactions between non-sterling countries outside the dollar area, has naturally been applauded in the City; more grist for the bullion-dealing and banking mills. From the standpoint of the national interest, the restoration of the gold market is not very important, though it may provide one more loophole for the escape of non-American sterling into the dollar area. Much more serious is the fact that countries outside E.P.U.—Latin America, the Middle East and Japan—can in future utilise sterling, without let or hindrance, to buy German or other foreign manufactures in bilateral deals: such help as exchange control gave British exporters is forfeited. Moreover, Germany—so long as she remains a large creditor of E.P.U.—can convert into gold the sterling which she thus acquires. It may be that there was no longer much effective check on the use made of sterling by countries which had bilateral payments pacts with Britain, and the Government can plead that it seeks to restore sterling to its old position as an international currency as far as possible. Nevertheless, it looks as if the interests of British exporters were being sacrificed to those of the City.

Spanish Trials

Two mass trials of political prisoners are arranged to be held in Spain within the next few days; the first one is scheduled to start this week in the Basque town of Vitoria. This trial involves fourteen Basque Nationalists accused of inciting to strike. They were first arrested three years ago on no specified charges, but managed to obtain provisional liberty shortly afterwards. During the Bilbao strikes of 1952 they were re-arrested and have been held in prison since then. The prosecution is expected to demand the payment of large fines of the order of 200,000 Pesetas. This is probably an attempt to embarrass the Basque Government in exile, which will inevitably feel itself under an obligation to pay the fines, as the prisoners are of very modest means. The second trial is to take place in Madrid. Thirty-two prisoners, of whom twenty-three are Communists, will be accused of organising a "Peace Group." For this offence, two death penalties and terms ranging between fifteen and thirty years in prison have been demanded by the prosecution.

Basil Davidson in Africa

On a later page this week will be found an article entitled "Congo Saga," by Basil Davidson. His story of a journey up the Congo forms the introduction to an important series of despatches, which we shall publish shortly, from Mr. Davidson, on conditions in the Belgian Congo and in Angola. He has just returned from an extensive tour of both these territories as our Special Correspondent. His report on Angola will be the first objective account of this Portuguese colony rendered by a British journalist since Mr. H. W. Nevinson's famous disclosures, just fifty years ago.

PARIS

The Nathan Report

Our Paris Correspondent writes: During the first two months of 1954, French capitalism wore a more cheerful expression. Despite a continuing high level of unemployment (20 per cent. higher than in the corresponding period of 1953), industrial production during January and February remained high. Except in steel, and in the metallurgical industries generally, manufacturers expect this trend to continue. A recent survey showed that 45 per cent. of French manufacturers expect increases in production during the first half of 1954, 32 per cent. expect production to remain stable, and only 23 per cent. expect decreases. This is in distinct contrast to a similar survey taken early last year, when the percentages were 17, 25 and 57 respectively. Meanwhile, there was some improvement in both the dollar and E.P.U. balances, together with a dramatic revival of trade with Eastern Europe. In January, French exports to the U.S.S.R. rose to 648 million francs—more than ten times the figure for January, 1953.

Hence the report of the Government commission of inquiry into French prices, which was presented last Thursday, was received in a relatively optimistic atmosphere. The commission, presided over by M. Roger Nathan, was appointed early in January in response to the O.E.E.C. request for a progressive relaxation of French import quotas. In addition to making a general study of the origins of high French prices, the commission made a detailed comparison of the selling prices of nine selected products produced by seven European countries; only in one product (rubber tyres) were French prices competitive. A further study of comparative prices of manufactured goods imported by Morocco showed that in each case French prices were higher. In a third study of a selected group of countries importing electrical products, French prices were found to be 10-58 per cent. higher than those of competing countries.

The report lists a number of factors which contribute to high prices: higher shipping charges for raw-material imports, higher labour costs (6.4 per cent. lower in Germany, 9.9 per cent. lower in Britain), and high taxation. On the fundamental causes—industrial hypertrophy, the distribution system and price-fixing—it is studiously vague and makes no positive recommendations. Its two principal conclusions, however, seem sound enough. The first, which suggests that industrial taxation should be based on capital gains rather than on production, has already been embodied in a tax reform Bill, which the Government presented (not very hopefully) to the Assembly this week. The second, and more important, conclusion is that a rapid lowering of import-barriers will administer a salutary shock to the French economy by eliminating marginal producers.

To what extent the Government will be able—or willing—to carry out the commission's findings is very doubtful. M. Edgar Faure is known to favour a rapid liberalisation of trade, leading to the elimination of 75 per cent. of the import quotas within six months. Doubtless the report will strengthen his hand. But a majority of the Cabinet favour less drastic reductions. M. Louvel, the Minister of Industry, has proposed a plan for the progressive elimination of quotas over a period of four years; but for the current year, regarded by most experts as crucial, he proposes only a 30 per cent. reduction for raw materials and 10 per cent. for manufactured goods. Already considerable pressure has been brought to bear on the Cabinet by the C.N.P.F., France's principal big-business association, and by the textile lobby, to limit the relaxation of quotas to 30 per cent. These views will probably prevail. At a meeting on Monday, M. Faure, in an attempt to meet M. Louvel half-way, reduced his figure to 50 per cent. for 1954, but, despite protracted argument, he was unable to get any general agreement. It seems likely that M. Faure's plan—his one positive act of political courage since he became Finance Minister—will be still further whittled down.

KENYA

Failure of a Mission

Our Nairobi Correspondent writes: What the overseas press has failed to bring out in its comments on the constitutional plan which Mr. Oliver Lyttelton has imposed on Kenya is the gravity of its rejection by the African Members of the Legislative Council. Few people have attempted to understand either the reasons or the implications of this rejection; and yet those are the factors which represent the key to the whole situation as it now exists in Kenya. In spite of what Mr. Lyttelton or Sir Evelyn Baring may say now, it is only too clear that Africans were virtually excluded from the months of negotiations at Government House, which preceded the Colonial Secretary's actual arrival in Kenya three weeks ago. Obviously the Governor's plan was to try to bring about agreement between the immigrant races, and then to foist that agreement on the Africans. Sir Evelyn's defence, that there had been no "formal talks" at Government House before Mr. Lyttelton's arrival, is a poor and unconvincing attempt to take shelter behind a mere technicality. It is, in any case, more than cancelled out by the Colonial Secretary's statement (made in answer to those settler critics who complained that he was stampeding through with his proposals) that the negotiations had, in fact, been proceeding for a considerable time.

African legislators resented these parleys behind their backs—a resentment which they unmistakably showed first by a press statement and then by withdrawing their leader, Mr. E. W. Mathu, from the Governor's Council. In recommending his proposals to the people of Kenya, Mr. Lyttelton said he did not expect them to meet with universal approval from any of the racial groups, but that he hoped they would attract a central core consisting of at least the moderate elements of all groups. Mr. Michael Blundell has made a similar claim; but the stark fact remains that, although Mr. Mathu and his colleagues made no objection to an individual African's accepting nomination as a Minister, the proposals have utterly failed to gain the support of the most moderate Africans in Kenya. That is the real measure of Mr. Lyttelton's failure.

What will be the effect in actual practice of the African Members' rejection of the proposals? Will any one of them be able to win the support of his "constituents" for accepting nomination as a Minister? To answer this question one has to bear in mind that no African public meeting can be called in Kenya, even by a Member of the Legislative Council, except with the permission of the District Commissioner concerned. If a meeting is allowed at all, plain clothes policemen and informers are present in generous numbers. In these circumstances, a man can openly oppose the Government plan only at great personal risk; for he might be noted down for further action by some enthusiastic policeman. So that any support secured for the Plan at such meetings must be treated with caution. On the Indian side, the proposals may still be turned down in spite of their acceptance by Mr. A. B. Patel, the chief Indian representative in the Legislative Council. The ten-year standstill on such controversial matters as the Highlands, the composition of the Legislative Council and the Common Roll, is the rock on which Indian support may ultimately founder. Mr. Lyttelton has repeatedly declared at press conferences that the Indian Members have accepted his proposals "without reservations." Mr. Patel, on the other hand, has insisted in public that his acceptance is conditional on his retaining full liberty of action.

The test will come in about a month when Mr. Patel—who is accepting the Asian ministry without portfolio—will be called upon by the Government to take his four oaths of office. One of these oaths is that the standstill will be honoured. It is impossible to see how Mr. Patel's support of the proposals can survive that oath. Add to this the fact that many of the settler Members have joined the new Cabinet for the wrong reasons, and you begin to realise that Kenya's so-called multi-racial Government is a clumsy affair, launching out into life on the wrong foot. It will, if anything, tear the Colony with further and additional rifts, and cannot have any salutary effect on the psychological war against Mau Mau. The scheme will most probably end with the present life of the Legislative Council.

PAKISTAN

Muslim League Routed

A Correspondent writes: Though the leaders of the Pakistan Muslim League are staggered by the sweeping defeat of their candidates in the East Bengal elections, they have only themselves to blame. They had done very little to eradicate inefficiency, nepotism and corruption, and they have paid a stiff price.

The official view is that these elections were held only to elect a new Ministry in East Bengal, and that they should not influence the composition and policies of the Government in Karachi. True, certain special factors—such as Bengalis' desire to obtain for their language a status in Pakistan equal to that of Urdu—influenced the East Bengal elections, but revulsion against the policies and attitude of the League politicians is by no means confined to that part of the country. Proof of this feeling was the rousing reception at Karachi of Hasan Shaheed Suhrawardy, the leader of the Opposition's United Front.

A remarkable lawyer and astute politician, Suhrawardy is believed to be aspiring to a place in the Central Cabinet, and to have his eye on the Premiership; should the new administration in East Bengal reach a *modus vivendi* with Karachi, Mohammed Ali may in fact ask Suhrawardy to join the Cabinet. But it is doubtful if the Prime Minister will agree to the United Front's demand for the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, for this could only result in exclusion of the League even from the Central Government—an action which may be resisted by other provincial administrations still dominated by the Muslim League.

Judging on his past form, Fazlul Haq—the octogenarian leader of the United Front in East Bengal—is not likely to perform miracles, even though he made much in the election campaign of the failures of the League in economic and political spheres. He may be more successful than his predecessor, however, in extorting from the Centre increased political power and a larger share of revenues for his province. As for foreign policy and the proposed American military aid to Pakistan and Turco-Pakistan alliance, Suhrawardy and Fazlul Haq have so far carefully avoided referring to these topics in public.

The Labour Party and E.D.C.

INEVITABLY the six Labour M.P.s who last week attended the anti-E.D.C. conference in Paris have been accused of interfering in French affairs and doing so in defiance of a Party decision. We doubt, however, whether either the National Executive or the Parliamentary Whips will seek to discipline them for their action. As they were careful to emphasise, they attended not as delegates but as individual observers, and it is difficult to see how the right to do this can be denied to a Member of Parliament even by the most rigid party machine. Nevertheless, this incident illustrates the deplorable weakness created by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison's attempt to substitute positive support of immediate German rearmament for the deliberately ambiguous policy of temporisation agreed at Margate. The result of their action has been not to reach a clear-cut decision but to cause a deep rift of opinion within the Labour movement.

The man in the street may well wonder why at this time the Labour Party's attitude should be regarded as of such importance. After all, Britain has approved E.D.C. two years ago; and if Labour won the next election, the new Foreign Secretary would be most unlikely to repudiate the Treaty. What matters now, it will be said, is not what the Labour Opposition in Britain says but what the French National Assembly does. The fact, however, is that the decision of the National Assembly may well be clinched by what is happening inside the Labour Party. For it is the French Socialists who control the casting vote, and they, too, are deeply divided. Among the Deputies, the influence of M. Jules Moch and M. Daniel Meyer, two leading opponents of German rearmament, is exceedingly strong. In the party machine outside Parliament, M. Guy Mollet, a protagonist of E.D.C., is paramount. It is a ding-dong battle with no holds barred; and one of M. Mollet's chief arguments for ratification is that at long last the British Labour Party has come off the fence—to which M. Moch and M. Meyer reply that, despite the enormous strength of the party machine in England, Mr. Morrison only won by two votes in the Parliamentary Party and is opposed by a huge rank-and-file movement in the trade unions and Constituency Labour Parties.

It is this pivotal importance of British Labour's attitude which endows the division in its ranks with a unique international importance. Both the supporters and the opponents of German rearmament agree at least on this one point: a firm Labour Party decision—one way or the other—taken in the next three months might well determine whether E.D.C. is ratified in the French Assembly, and so whether German rearmament takes place. Rarely indeed has a party in Opposition had the opportunity to influence the fate of nations in such a way. Yet with Labour divided, as it is, that influence cannot be exerted decisively.

In these circumstances there is surely only one course open. The Labour Party prides itself on its democratic constitution which reserves to the Party Conference all decisions of policy, leaving to the Executive and the Parliamentary Party the execution of that policy between Conferences. If there were ever a time when a policy decision had to be taken, it is now. At Margate the foreign policy statement was carried unanimously, but only after Mr. Morgan Phillips had stated on behalf of the Executive: "We can and should offer to halt the creation of the European Defence Community containing German armed forces until we have an opportunity of considering the question of unification. During this time —and we cannot tell how long that will be— West Germany will remain demilitarised." Whatever its merits, the decision of the Parliamentary Party and the National Executive to support immediate German rearmament involves a repudiation of this statement of policy and therefore requires to be ratified or rejected by the Conference. For nobody who had not decided, on general grounds of policy, that Western Germany ought to be re-armed could hold that the issue of unification should be regarded as finally settled, last month, at Berlin.

We believe, therefore, that a special Party Conference should be summoned to reach a decision on this single issue. We would not ourselves dare to predict the outcome of the debate. But after it had been held and the votes had been counted, there could be no further argument, either in Paris or in Westminster, about Labour's attitude. If it is not held, suspicion is bound to persist that the National Executive is fearful of its outcome.

Japan Revisited

[*The author of the following article served as British Commonwealth member of the Allied Council for Japan during the early years of the Occupation under General MacArthur. He is now Professor of Political Science at the University of Melbourne.*]

A LOT of water has flowed under Japan's bridges since I left here at the end of 1947. Physically the Japanese are obviously much better off, however precarious their present standards. Mentally, I think they are more divided and unhappy than they were six years ago.

The material improvements are apparent everywhere. Six years ago there were still vast waste lands in the cities, strewn with the litter left by the air raids. These areas have all been cleaned up and mostly rebuilt, though there is still an acute housing shortage and many of the public buildings, especially the schools, seem neglected and derelict. The people in the streets are far better clothed and shod, and look much better fed. The traffic no longer consists mainly of occupation vehicles sweeping past decrepit Japanese cars and trucks limping along uncertainly on charcoal gas. The city streets are now jammed with motor traffic, and I have seen more Cadillacs and Buicks in Tokyo in an hour than I would see in Australia in a year. It is mainly the Japanese, not the foreigners, who are buying the most opulent automobiles and spending fabulous sums on Tokyo's fabulous night life. It is not, of course, the Japanese on salaries and wages who indulge in this conspicuous consumption of synthetic gaiety. It is the tycoons with expense accounts and the smart operators who have cashed in on the Korean war boom.

Some people tell me that the bustling and noise and glitter on the Ginza are only ripples on the surface of city life, concealing the real nature of the national life. But I think they are symptoms of the restlessness, anxiety, and conflict pervading Japan today. Six years ago the Japanese had few mental conflicts, because they did not have to make decisions. The Emperor made the great decision for them, that they should surrender. Then General MacArthur took the responsibility. This made life morally simple, even though it was physically poor and bleak. But since the peace treaty the Japanese feel they have regained, or should have regained, some freedom of choice, and they don't know what to choose. This inner conflict is most evident in the worried search for a foreign policy. Mr. Yoshida and his conservative colleagues blandly declare that Japan has freely chosen to align herself with its sister democracies against the Communist world. The Opposition, which includes most of the intellectuals and a large part of the press, as well as the two Socialist parties, denounces the Yoshida Government for its subservience to Washington and insists that Japan must take an independent course, in economics and in politics. But both sides are unhappy because both lack real confidence in the courses they advocate.

Most Government leaders are deeply uneasy about where compliance with America's wishes will ultimately lead them. They privately doubt that a military alliance with the West can give Japan security; for, to the Japanese, security means saving their cities from devastation during a war, not the liberation of their cities after a war. They fear the economic strains rearmament will involve, even if America carries a good part of the burden. They doubt whether Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee and Bao Dai can be depended on as purchasers of Japan's arms exports. Yet they feel they cannot possibly spurn America's immediate economic aid. Since the cease-fire in Korea, American spending here has dropped sharply and the overseas trade deficit is increasing fast. Business men feel the Government will drastically restrict imports. Their speculative buying has already caused prices of soya beans, sugar, and oils and fats to soar above last year's levels. In this situation the Government can hardly reject American grain for people who would otherwise go hungry or American arms orders for factories that would otherwise close down. But to get the needed aid they must press forward with rearmament on something like the scale America considers necessary. So they are doing this, though grudgingly and anxiously.

The Opposition claims the Government could easily, if it had the will, stand firm against American pressure to rearm. The Left Socialists, closely linked with the biggest trade unions, seem to be the best organised and most resolutely led opposition group. They want Japan to refuse economic aid and insist on the withdrawal of all American military forces from these islands. They say Japan should achieve economic independence through greater trade with East Asia, especially Communist China, and political independence by co-operating closely with neutralist nations like India and Indonesia. In this way a formidable Third Force might be built in Asia.

The non-Communist Opposition groups contain, in my view, the most liberal, most civilised, and most enlightened people in Japan. These are people who deeply desire that Japan shall live in peace and active friendship with both East and West. They are opposed to dictatorship, from

either the Right or the Left. If democracy can come to Japan, these will be its begetters.

Yet I cannot feel that the Japanese liberals and radicals—I am here leaving out the Communists—have the unity or strength to enable them to come to power. They lack a solid popular base. Despite the growth of trade unions in number and size since 1945, paternalism still saturates Japanese industrial relations. Despite the land reforms which made so many tenants the owners of the fields they cultivate, the farm villages are still mostly conservative strongholds. And more than half the people of Japan are still farmers and fishermen. The social structure in the countryside still gives immense power to the well-to-do farmers. In the small village polling centres it is easy for them to discover how the tenants and the poorer farmers vote.

The non-Communist Left also seems to be a little lacking in realism. While its leaders understand in an academic sort of way the complexity of Japan's economic and political problems, they tend to think in terms of platforms and manifestoes and protests rather than of how, in this manifestly wicked world, they can get actual political power and of how, if they get the power, they can put their programme into effect. Perhaps they are too honest and idealistic, and not tough or unscrupulous enough, to play politics according to the current rules. Some Leftists, for example, have assured me that if they do not win a clear majority at the next Diet elections, they certainly will at the elections after next. And they explain their confidence by pointing to the clear trend toward the Left in the last two elections, which they believe will continue. My own view is that the Rightists—the people behind the present Government—will take very good care that the Left does not achieve this majority. I imagine that the present efforts to restrict further the political activities of teachers and to re-establish a centralised police force under the direct control of the Prime Minister are steps to ensure that the conservatives will on no account lose power.

There can be no doubt that increased trade with Communist China would be of great importance to Japan, and that it therefore seems desirable to take all possible steps to achieve it. But some influential Leftists seem almost to believe that if only Japan would cut loose from America the China trade would solve its economic problems overnight. It seems to me to be still uncertain whether Communist China would be prepared to trade with Japan to the extent that would enable Japan to become an economically and politically independent force in Asia. It may be that China so greatly needs machine tools and all sorts of capital equipment from Japan that it would be ready to supply coking coal and iron ore in the volume and at the price that would put Japan's heavy industries on a firm basis. On the other hand, it may be that China can get its capital equipment elsewhere, and that for political reasons it would be anxious to hinder, not help, Japan's economic restoration. Nobody here seems to know what Peking's attitude is to this basic issue. It would surely be impetuous and unrealistic for the Japanese Government to fling off the American embrace until it has a firm and sizable Peking trade agreement in its pocket.

Tokyo. W. MACMAHON BALL

(To be concluded)

BACHELOR'S CHOICE

I do not seek, in film star fashion,
To lead a life of purple passion:
The wife that I should like to find
Would be a little more than kind,
And less than Kinsey.

F. M. H. B.

London Diary

FRANCIS WILLIAMS, whom the British press learnt to respect and like at the Ministry of Information during the war, and who was one of Mr. Attlee's advisers immediately after it, is writing a very strange series of articles in the *People*. Someone has been filling him up with partisan stuff, much of which can be easily shown to be factually incorrect. His story of the "conspiracy" to get rid of Mr. Attlee in '47, for instance, is topsy-turvy. The truth about the incident is that a number of Labour leaders, including Herbert Morrison, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Hugh Dalton, thought it might be in the interests of the Party and the country for Ernest Bevin to take Mr. Attlee's place as Prime Minister. The two juniors who were most prominent in seeking support in the Party for this view were Mr. George Brown and Mr. Gordon Walker. They approached a number of their Parliamentary colleagues, including some who afterwards became associated with Aneurin Bevan. In cases that I know personally, the approach was instantly rejected. In any case, Ernest Bevin, when invited by Cabinet colleagues to consider the proposal, repudiated a move which he thought disloyal to Mr. Attlee. It is fantastic that Francis Williams should have told this story as part of a general thesis that Mr. Bevan, and others who subsequently supported him in 1951, have always been "conspiring" against the Party Leader. The entire picture is wrongly conceived. At that period, Mr. Bevan was absorbed in his job at the Ministry of Health, and not interested in foreign affairs, while his later associates were supporters of Mr. Attlee partly because they so much feared Mr. Bevin's policy. Mr. Bevan was not then thought of as leader or as Foreign Secretary; Stafford Cripps, Morrison, and Dalton were all of them above him in the hierarchy. The Bevanite affair, which was an open revolt and never a "conspiracy," did not take shape until much later. I should add that it would not have occurred to me to impute evil motives to Sir Stafford Cripps and the others because they thought that Mr. Bevin might prove a better Premier than Mr. Attlee.

* * *

Only the *Sunday Express* could be quite so ignorant as to suggest that a conference sponsored by Herriot and Daladier, prominent Gaullists and members of the M.R.P., could be a bogus "peace" conference organised by Communists and fellow-travellers! The significance of this anti-E.D.C. meeting in Paris last week-end was just that it proved how far Communists are from having a monopoly of the opposition to German rearmament. Other British papers were ill-advised to look for something sinister in the presence of a number of Labour M.P.s there; more careful reports of the conference would have informed their readers that E.D.C. cuts across all party lines. A friend who attended the conference tells me that they didn't go as delegates, because the conference was limited to politicians from the six countries directly concerned in E.D.C.; nor did they take any part in drawing up the plan to campaign against it. When, on Saturday morning, the conference was told that Nenni had been arrested—a stupid piece of police bureaucracy for which the Premier apologised—a French delegate proposed that a telegram of sympathy should be sent to him. Among the Labour M.P.s who, at that moment, were having a private talk outside the hall, were two or three who had signed the original Nenni telegram in 1948. "This," said one of them, "is where we came in." Another demurred. "No," he said, "it is where we nearly went out!"

Whether or not Lord Montagu and his co-defendants appeal against conviction and sentence, comment on either must be withheld for the moment. Whatever happens, the methods of the police in getting their evidence will have shocked public opinion more than in any case since the affair of Irene Savidge in 1927—and may even result, as that case did, in a Royal Commission on police powers and procedure. It is hard to decide which is the more repugnant, to have the police breaking into private houses, without even a search warrant from a magistrate, and reading men's private letters in order to prosecute them for incidents in their sex life (which an increasing number of people and newspapers are coming to feel ought not to be the concern of the law) or to see that evidence supported by the "confessions" of accomplices obtained by a promise of immunity. The whole wretched case which has, of course, won far more public interest than its intrinsic importance warrants, may nevertheless have far-reaching consequences.

* * *

Lysenko is in trouble again. In a devastating attack on the officials responsible for Russia's agricultural crisis, the iron-fisted Kruschev, First Secretary of the Communist Party, gave a sideswipe to the professor whose doctrine rocked the scientific world. The direct attack was on Lysenko's protegé Dmitriev, the chief agricultural planner of the State Economic Planning Board, whom Kruschev described as "a so-called scientist who goes about like a hero teaching everybody how to run agriculture" and who, when he was dismissed from his post, obtained a degree in biology "thanks to Academician Lysenko's assistance." Implicit in the general attack was a disclaimer of the methods which Lysenko's theories encouraged. When Lysenko's scientific status was criticised by a Soviet botanical journal, his uncritical admirers over here pooh-poohed it as of no consequence. They can scarcely ignore the meaning of so important an attack. For Lysenko's triumph over his academic colleagues and the enforcement of his doctrine, which disputed the whole basis of Mendelian genetics and the process of inheritance, depended on his endorsement by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, on the personal support of Stalin, and on his demagogic popularity among collectivised peasants. By replacing heredity by environment, he was making plant-life conform to Soviet discipline. But, apparently, his grain-programme has developed deviationist tendencies; his methods are not paying dividends; Stalin is dead; the collectives are dismayed; and the Party has accused him of protecting Dmitriev, the failure. Perhaps, now, statistical Western bourgeois genetics will be reinstated (with amended adiectives) in place of the green-fingered prestidigitation of Lysenko.

* * *

Responsible Burmese newspapers have recently published fascinating accounts of the offensive that the Burmese have at length the equipment to launch against Chiang Kai-shek's freebooters on the frontier of Siam and the lower Shan States. Photographs show the army advancing with bulldozers, heavy lorries, and elephants on rafts, towards Monghsat, the air strip from which these 12,000 K.M.T. troops have been plundering the countryside, with the aid of an unofficial American airlift. Monghsat has been captured by the Burmese in an offensive called "Operation Bayinnaung," after the Burmese King of that name who once marched to Siam along the same road. Those responsible for the war, including Ne Win, the Commander-in-Chief, have understood the

meaning of political warfare as well as of direct attack. Pamphlets in Chinese, and in other Shan dialects, have been rained over the area, calling the K.M.T. to surrender or be evacuated. Leaflets have also called on the local population to help the army to build roads, bridges, and temporary camps, and to carry supplies for troops. On one occasion, as the soldiers marched from village to village, the War Office staff broadcast a play showing the importance of the campaign to the whole nation. Describing it in the Burmese Parliament last week, Thakin Chit Maung explained that such an all-out action had not been possible earlier because of the Communist and Karen insurrections. He added that, as a result of negotiations in Bangkok, 3,000 K.M.T. troops had already been evacuated; this was quite a valuable achievement, he said, even apart from the "3,000 bullets that had been saved."

* * *

An encouraging story about the growing resistance to McCarthyism reaches me from the United States. An alumna of Smith College, one of the most famous of women's universities on the East Coast, addressed a circular letter to 3,200 other alumnae suggesting that they should not subscribe to a special college fund, while five (named) professors remained on the staff; they were, she suggested, improper members of the teaching faculty because they did not accept normal American principles. All the five were distinguished in their fields of learning, none of them as it happened were Communists, and all of them had taken the loyalty oath to the constitutions of the United States and of Massachusetts. (The story would have been more impressive if one or two of these women had been more subversive than they apparently were!) So angry were the alumnae at this attempt to interfere with the academic control of the University that the size of the contributions immediately and spectacularly increased. I asked who this officiously patriotic lady was and learnt that she is the sister of Mr. Buckley, who launched an attack on the rational curriculum and conduct of Yale, under the title of *God and Man at Yale*. Clearly there is something more than coincidence here. Both are very rich and Roman Catholics of the political, power-seeking type. Indeed, when it was thought that McCarthy would not be answering Ed Murrow in person on the C.B.S. it was Buckley who was named to take his place. Clearly Americans are beginning to tumble to the fact that McCarthyism is a conspiracy which uses the existence of a handful of Communists as a means of destroying American liberties and gaining power for itself.

* * *

The B.B.C.'s apology for allowing Major Lewis Hastings, old B.B.C. war-time commentator, to make a personal attack on Fenner Brockway did not end the matter. Mr. Brockway was challenged to defend his case last week before a 600-strong audience in Church House under the chairmanship of Mr. Kenneth Radley of the Imperial Institute. Two-thirds of the audience were supporters of the conventional Kenya Settler point of view: they came to see Fenner Brockway massacred. Brockway's supporters listened in exemplary silence to Lewis Hastings abusing Mr. Brockway for 40 minutes; the Hastings faction was less courteous to Mr. Brockway. Indeed, I gather that Brockway's very reasonable and informed statement of his case infuriated the wilder of Hastings' supporters, just because his manner so obviously confounded their expectations of him, and his matter obviously confounded many of Major Hastings' statements. When the meeting was over an angry young man approached Fenner Brockway, who politely answered the questions that were put to him. As he stepped off the platform, the young man, who was obviously beside himself with anger, smashed down a bag of rotten eggs over Mr. Brockway's head.

CRITIC

LAMENT FROM EDEN

(To the tune of "Greensleeves")

Arabia is my delight,
  The apple of my eye is she,
In everything I give her right
  And yet she will not love me.

O, Arab League, ye do me wrong
  To use me so disdainfully
When I have cherished ye so long
  With delicate diplomacy.

Sheikhdoms I guard beneath my wing
  And Sultans treat right royally,
I elevated Jordan's King
  To independent sovereignty.

In Jordan-Israel disputes
  Each case I weigh judiciously,
And though the wild Jordanian shoots
  I caution the Israeli.

In Persia, full of petrol crude,
  I fostered local industry,
And yet with insults vile and rude
  They chased me ignominiously.

In Cairo I upheld Farouk
  Until he found it wise to flee,
Then Neguib to my heart I took
  And recognised immediately.

I gave him fifteen million pounds
  With generous liberality
To help him keep within the bounds
  Of the Middle Eastern strategy.

But though sincere goodwill was shown,
  He used me most discourteously
In Khartoum and the Suez Zone,
  Objecting to my company.

And still ye Arab States endorse
  His unilateral decree
Evacuation to enforce,
  Behaving most ungratefully.

Ye curse my name for dark intrigue
  And Anglo-Saxon villainy—
I languish for the Arab League
  And yet ye will not love me.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"Love is a word we have got to be very careful about. In certain connections it has a sexual significance."—Report in *News of the World*. (R. A. Denniston.)

Only last week a poster campaign for grapefruit was announced. An unknown girl has been chosen as "Miss Grapefruit" because her face symbolises the fresh, clean qualities of the best grapefruit.—*Daily Express*. (Norman J. Hart.)

The Recorder said: "I am sorry for you, but to carry explosives about cannot be tolerated. It is against the whole kindly nature of English people."—*Manchester Guardian*. (E. D. Jones.)

In fact, during the whole of this "refresher course for the bosses," as one business executive called it, the bosses have been lectured on the need to treat their workers with respect as if they were human beings.—*Manchester Guardian*. (W. Stanners.)

The New Statesman and Nation, March 27, 1954

Congo Saga

[*This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Basil Davidson, who has recently returned from Africa.*]

IT is days since we cast off moorings at Ponthierville and pushed away upstream. It seems like weeks. Hour after hour the *Baron Delbeck*, venerable stern-wheeler, flaps his water-jewelled paddle into this dreaming sepia flood, while on either side and behind us and ahead of us, the equatorial forest totters to the river bank in grey-green fungoid decay, and makes our only horizon. We are thousands of miles from the Atlantic Ocean, as many thousands from the Indian. Take a pencil and point it at the middle of Africa. That is where we are.

Rarely do we pass bankside villages; but then the excitement is all the greater, because each is full of fifty people or so, and kids leap into the river and swim out shouting into our wake. The two nuns who are going to Lokandu to help with an outbreak of meningitis watch them approvingly. Arkady Platonovich, who likes children, comes out of his cabin and cries encouragement, and even the railway engineer, a sad Ligurian from Sestri, brightens a little. Now and then the *Baron* lets forth four short sharp hoots as we near a couple of European bungalows and a warehouse. Now and then we stop for timber fuel, because the *Baron* uses no other. "We're going to have an oil-fired engine soon," the Flemish captain has explained: "Our Congo's going ahead." Delightful is this river journey. . . . Around eleven, when the sun begins to burn more fiercely (for we are five degrees off the Equator), Arkady Platonovich arrives with a cheerful apology and wants to know whether it wouldn't be right to break a bottle. And that is when, idly in a row beneath the canvas awning, with our feet on the *Baron's* smart white rail (for he keeps himself up, despite his advanced years), we call for iced Congo beer and begin talking. We go on talking, Arkady and the Italian and the Settler and the Sociologist and me, all day and all evening; and the end of this conversation is nowhere in sight. I do not think it has an end.

By this time we are beyond personalities, and are deep into philosophy. Africa is strong for philosophy. Yesterday the Italian from Sestri was telling us why. He is livid with malaria, and his blue eyes have the pallid stare, not quite focusing, of those who suffer from that sickness. He has malaria because everyone along the river has it, but more especially because his contract with the Congo government takes him on long surveying trips into the forest. There he lives in the company of a dozen Africans whose language he cannot understand; and all this makes him think. "What about? I think how I'm going to pull through. I think about the goal I've got ahead of me. You see, I've got something to live for." He is putting every hard-won penny into the money box of his dreams, which include a little cottage near the beach at Nervi, beside the Mediterranean, and messing about in boats and strolling through summer evenings, and forgetting this equatorial nightmare.

Arkady Platonovich is also strong for philosophy, but of a purer less personal kind. We met on the train from Ponthierville—*Chemin de Fer de la Lualaba et des Grands Lacs Africains*—when his book, rather oddly, was Ilf and Petrov's "Little Golden America." He is a sturdy old man with glinting eyes and a healthy happiness in adversity: one of the things he wanted to know about was the Red Army during the war. He was contentedly proud of the Red Army. "I'm a mortal enemy of the regime, you know," he offered gently, "but

I'm a Russian. *Rrr-rien à faire!*" He left Russia with Denikin in 1923, and arrived in the Congo a year or so later. "Go back to Europe?" His stubby fingers spread quickly and relaxed: "And live in an attic?" I do not know exactly what Arkady Platonovich is dreaming about as the endless river swings impassively by. Just when you think you are getting to the point, he is up and away, elusive, lost. He is also sorrowing over his only daughter, whose mother is one of those physically unmatched Watutsi from Ruanda Urundi, because she would not go back with him to their bush home but insisted on remaining in town. "A half-caste girl in town, you know, and one who's handsome, *bien faite* . . ."

Unique in not dreaming is the Settler, a Belgian who is longing to get back to Kivu where the blue eastern lakes lie among clean mountains. The Settler is political: that is to say, he would like to be political, but the Congo government will not let him. The Congo government is paternalist, refusing all political rights both to Africans and to Europeans with a resolute determination not to have any nonsense. The Settler is discontented with the Congo government. "They're going too fast with the Native out here," he says and keeps on saying, "They're ruining this colony." That is the extent of his philosophy; we know it backwards.

We might have less of the Settler's philosophy if it weren't for the Sociologist, who takes frantic issue with him. The Sociologist is also a lost soul, sunk in singular erotic meditations; but he clings to his duty. He knows so much about the tribal habits of the eastern Baluba that he no longer believes anything general to be knowable, or worth knowing; in moments of lucidity he remains a warm upholder of the Congo government. "As for you," he says to me, "everyone writes books about Africa. Mostly very bad ones. And they never ask the interesting questions, let alone trying to answer them."

"What are the interesting questions?"

"I'll tell you," he says: and surprisingly, they are general questions.

"There's only two that matter. But after all," he checks suspiciously, "you've already been to West Africa and South Africa and God knows where, and you still ask me that? These two questions—they're not peculiar to the Congo. They're the questions which the whole of Black Africa has to answer. They're the common denominator—the substratum, the foundation, the basis of any intelligent opinion." Solitude has made the Sociologist a little pugnacious with his fellow men, whom he rarely sees. "First of all, if it's any good telling you, why did the Congo peoples (since we're in the Congo) stay in a late Stone Age culture—all right, early Copper Age here and there—while the rest of the world moved on? Secondly, what happens *now*—when they've understood where they are and where we are, when they're convinced they've got to catch up? Those are the interesting questions, but you won't answer them because you can't. You've never thought about them."

I am saved by the Settler, who can't resist this opening. "*C'est fou.* They stayed in the Stone Age because they're children. Because they're a lazy, useless branch of the human race that never grew up. Couldn't grow up. As for catching up"—he waves his glass so that drops of beer spatter upon Arkady Platonovich, fortunately thinking of something else, of something quite his own. "It'll take them generations."

"You say that," returns the Sociologist rudely, "because that's your interest as a settler. Well, I've known settlers who've lived for 20 years in the Congo without ever having a serious conversation with a Native. And then they talk about Natives as though they actually knew anything! Just look at Kenya." He sweeps aside the Settler's retort, for these are fighting words, and goes on: "The point to-day, in this year and age, is that the African peoples of the Congo—everywhere else, too, I dare say—can't stay in their tribalism, their Stone Age—because they're up against the machine age. Right up against it. Aren't we industrialising the Congo? Bringing in machines, building factories? Yes, and if there's anything utterly amazing about our Congo peoples, it's their fantastic power of adjusting themselves, adapting themselves. It's not intelligence they lack, it's opportunity. . . ."

The Sociologist is right about his questions. In repair shops at Jadotville Africans are using machine tools precise to one-hundredth of a millimetre: between Jadotville and Kolwezi they are driving the latest type of electric locomotives; on the Kasai and Congo they command tugs and barges and passenger steamers. . . . And I also think of these great Congo cities which pullulate with village Africans learning to live urban lives, of the bars of Leopoldville, of the fun and games and dancing, the astonishing absence of violent crime for all the somersault in ways of life and family loyalty, the order and upward striving for all the downward influence of those naughty girls associated in *La Joie Kinoise*, *La Rose*, *La Délicatesse*. . . .

"Still," I am rash enough to say, "you've put a stopper on all political development. Now we, for instance—I mean, look at the Gold Coast——"

The Sociologist and the Settler take a quick look at one another, and by mutual consent fall upon me in a heap. On this they are emphatically agreed: the Gold Coast is going *much too fast*. I am hauled out from under by Arkady Platonovich, who takes me aside and gives me a drink. He gestures vaguely at the wilted forest. "The Congo. There's nowhere like it. I've lived here for 30 years. I shall leave my bones here." Then he chuckles and goes on: "You know, I've never made a penny, but . . . tell me, did you ever read *Dead Souls*? Do you remember Chichikov, who made a fortune out of nothing, absolutely nothing?" His malarial eyes are staring at the dense green emptiness along the bank. "Just think what Chichikov mightn't have done with the Congo."

BASIL DAVIDSON

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New Ways in Old Prisons

WAKEFIELD PRISON, like Dartmoor, is a wretched building in a wretched climate. Since it became a regional training prison (it was the first of half a dozen or more), so much has been written about the "Wakefield experiment" that fresh visitors may well expect to find a hygienic, modern structure of glass and metal, standing in well-cultivated grounds bounded only by low hedges. I have often, indeed, seen it referred to as the first "prison without bars." But bars are much in evidence there. It is a "maximum security" prison; you walk round inside it to a rhythm of jangled keys and slammed gates; surrounding it is a twenty-foot wall, and I noticed that where a drainpipe comes to earth at a point near the main gate, a quadrant of spiked railings discourages its use as a ladder.

What is progressive and experimental about Wakefield is that, because it is a prison for long-sentence men, it can train them in a large variety of technical skills, can send chosen men out of the prison to work (and to sleep at a hutted camp), can teach its illiterates to read and write, and can encourage the studious to attend the evening classes organised in the prison by the Local Education Authority. I noticed that, in the evening, all the cell doors stand open. The men can go to a class if they want to, or sit reading or writing in their open cells; and looking up at the cell-windows from the dark of the prison grounds, you could tell by those where lights were showing that about half the men were voluntarily sitting in their cells. I had noticed only one such man reading a newspaper. He was doing it with the concentration of a printer's reader, apparently taking in every line of news, comment, and advertisement.

"Well, he won't have time to read it all like that," I was told. "We only get thirty newspapers a day, and they have to do for 733 men. Call it one paper between twenty and you can guess the demand there is for it."

Did they get any weeklies?

"No weeklies—unless they're sent in by friends or relatives. A lot of them get their local paper like that. Some they can buy in the canteen."

And, I supposed, any other weeklies were subject to censorship?

"I don't know whether that's quite the word. If a magazine goes in for crime, or sex, or betting, they don't get it at all. We don't do any blacking out or cutting up."

Thirty per cent. of the Wakefield prisoners are sex offenders; not because of the treatment available there, but because an indictable sex offence usually attracts a long sentence, and Wakefield is not only a regional training prison but also a prison for long-sentence "Stars" (i.e., men over twenty-one who, as a general rule, have not been in prison before). It is true that Wakefield and Wormwood Scrubs are the only two men's prisons where psychiatric treatment (or perhaps one should say treatment by a qualified psychiatrist, which need not be the same thing) is available, but that is only one of many factors affecting the proportion of sex offenders sent there.

I had an opportunity to talk to Dr. W. F. Roper, the Medical Officer of the prison, who acts as the last stage in a long "screening" process dealing with men (mainly sex offenders) sent to Wakefield because they are thought likely to benefit from psychotherapy. He told me that the psychiatric treatment, when it is needed, is

given by a visiting woman psychotherapist, who recently retired from the position of medical superintendent at a Leeds mental hospital. Dr. Roper told me that the men are perfectly ready to talk to her and receive treatment from her. All men sentenced for homosexual offences are considered for psychiatric treatment, but for various reasons only a very small proportion can be given it. Psychological treatment, he said, required a patient on the right side of thirty-five and reasonably intelligent, full and genuine co-operation (as distinct from a patient's desire to be able to say that he has "tried"), and a good "basic personality," free from constitutional defect or chronic depravity. Some men, he said, profess to be "cured" by the shock and disgrace of discovery and punishment, others look to the influence of religion to help them, quite a number of them intend to go their own way in the hope of getting away with it next time. Above all, it seemed to me, effective treatment may require a sentence of at least two years, for although there are clinics that will take over the case of a man discharged from prison during a course of treatment, attendance at a clinic is always likely to be difficult and the percentage of lapses in such cases is depressingly large.

The length of time required for treatment rules out the "exhibitionist," the man charged under the Vagrancy Act, 1824, with indecent exposure, who is considered the most likely of all to benefit from the analytical method of the psychotherapist, but who can never be given more than a three months' sentence and will therefore never get to Wakefield. Dr. Roper told me that when a Court has suggested psychiatric treatment the case is always given "very special consideration" at the prison; but it occurred to me that many Judges seem to recommend it almost in bewilderment at the task the criminal law imposes on them, and without the least regard to any of the conditions essential to success. I have actually heard some Magistrates recommend it in giving a man one month for indecent exposure, perhaps the most futile and tragic sentence ever imposed in the Courts.

I saw quite a number of prisoners in Wakefield whose names, in the last few years, have pushed all other news off the front pages. From time to time a newspaper will announce in two-inch letters that one of them has attempted to escape. The last time this happened, in the case of a young murderer who is being slowly and with great difficulty induced to believe that he is not a national hero, the story was completely false. To let him see this newspaper and draw from it the inevitable conclusion about his popular status might have undone years of patient work, in which the Governor, the Medical Officer, the schoolmasters and the discipline staff had all co-operated. I was dismayed to realise the extent of the precautions that had to be taken to ensure that no copy of a newspaper carrying that false report should get into any part of the prison.

Escape is to prison, of course, as life is to death, and it is significant that the men who try to escape are for the most part men who, for one reason or another, cannot be allowed out on working parties. For more than two years now, all long-sentence men have been given five days' home leave about two months before their sentences expire. It enables them to meet their former local acquaintances and discover (as they usually do) that people do come up to shake hands with them and show by other signs that they will be accepted back on equal terms. It eliminates "gate fever," the terror of freedom that used to assail the long-sentence man in his last few months. And not one man has so far failed to return, on the stroke of time, to finish his sentence. One man, returning from the South of England and missing his train at King's Cross, went at once to King's Cross police station and asked that the prison be told by telephone that he was on his way.

Training and "treatment" in these ancient prisons, built on the Pentonville model for strict cellular confinement, is just about possible, owing mainly to the quality and enthusiasm of the teaching staff. To the visitor, it seems at once gallant and pathetic. I don't imagine that the young maths. master from Leeds gets his men beyond the differential calculus, or that the girl teaching "intermediate French" to those twenty earnest-looking linguists gets far beyond "il est midi moins quart"; but they are probably saving men from going mad and they help people like me to acquiesce, for lack of alternative, in the idea that at any given moment 25,000 men are thus caged up in my name.

C. H. ROLPH

Design for Selling

THE hullabaloo raised by labour and management in the Potteries about the recent trade agreement with Japan may have spread the idea that the industry is on the verge of a crisis. I went to Stoke with some such suspicion; but a few days' inquiry convinced me that prospects remain, if not brilliant, good enough to ensure steady sales and full employment for as far ahead as managing directors and union secretaries habitually look. There is no slump; there is no downward trend that cannot be arrested by means well within the industry's power.

However, the late *frisson* should remind us that the industry, by its nature, is peculiarly vulnerable if hard times should ever come again. The larger works, on which the Five Towns really depend, have a good record of re-equipment, both in providing their employees with light and air and in installing tunnel ovens and the like. Yet, as one watches potters throwing clay as I have seen them in village workshops in Sussex and Provence; as one admires the steady hands of girls touching the palette with their brushes and colouring tiny flowers—one realises that this is less an industry than a craft practised on an industrial scale.

No wonder, then, that wages, which in engineering are a tenth of total costs, here verge on a half. Running profits may be good but reserves of strength, whether in the form of expensive machinery or of capital, are apt to be slender. Thus, if the market ever sags seriously, short time and shut-downs cannot be far away.

Ever since the war, order books have been filled two years ahead. There have lately been some cancellations, and there is general agreement that it is becoming necessary to go out and look for orders, not to wait for them to come in. Delivery time, therefore, is now much quicker; but opinion in the industry asserts that this is all to the good, that customers who have cancelled orders did so as often as not because they were tired of waiting, and that the new situation is not recession but "normalcy." Besides, the sales resistance has all come from overseas; the home market, closed to decorated ware until 1952, remains hungry for it.

The fact that American orders are slackening is less serious than might be thought, for the bulk of our exported pottery goes to the white Dominions, and the dollars that come in are more Canadian than American. The appetite of the Commonwealth seems to know no limit. The complaints of manufacturers centre rather about the restrictions imposed by India and Pakistan, and by the South American countries, which take only a fraction of their pre-war imports. Some also resent the unwelcoming attitude of certain European countries and say that Britain's gesture of liberalisation within the O.E.E.C. region has yet to be reciprocated. By concentrating in recent years on dollar-earning, many firms lost touch with customers in Europe and were supplanted by Sweden or Germany.

As for the Japanese agreement, I have the impression that, although both employers and trade unionists resented the way in which it was sprung on them, they would not have seriously opposed it. Rather, they would have insisted on safeguards, such as that Japanese ware should be back-stamped "Made in Japan" and not merely "Foreign." They dismiss the idea that these limited imports—even if the trifling figure of £50,000 should be doubled or trebled—can damage them in the home market. What counts is Japanese competition in Australia (who must somehow balance wool exports to Japan) and in the colonial countries, where price is vital.

Discussing this subject, I realised with a jolt that the Potteries depend on "idealistic" schemes to raise the standard of living in the slum corners of the world. A highly conservative director remarked to me, when questioned about the Japanese threat: "There's room for all of us so long as there are millions of people still eating off the ground." There is in fact a huge field for expansion in Asia and Africa, both for the cheap earthenware firms who profit when people stop eating off the ground, and for makers of fine china as the professional and merchant classes multiply in Burma or the Gold Coast.

To sum up, the Five Towns have no cause for alarm (short of a world depression) so long as they supply what the customer wants—for the market today is a buyer's market, albeit a good one. And here the observer notes a danger of which most manufacturers are unaware. All over the world, taste in design is changing fast. The style broadly known as "contemporary"—the clean, simple pattern that is not a picture—is gaining ground year by year. Up to now, makers of fine china in particular have been able to sneer comfortably at the highbrow notions of the Council of Industrial Design, and the cheaper firms follow their lead. The world shortage has provided them with a ready market for pink roses, fern leaves, and pictures of Windsor Castle. "Can't sell this modern stuff," I have heard them say jovially. "What people want is the good old patterns they've always been used to. Look at this"—and some ornate horror is produced—"in production since 1880, and still selling."

I prefer to listen to the overseas buyers whose paths crossed mine in Stoke. An American put it bluntly: "Britain is losing the design battle. Except for Susie Cooper, you haven't a designer who can keep up with modern American styles." And an Australian told me that he had visited thirty firms before finding the kind of design his customers now want; he has got it at last, and it is selling as fast as it is unpacked.

Some medium-sized firms are alert enough to cash in on this. Mr. Midwinter of Burslem is as unlike a London highbrow as he could well be; he speaks with a strong local accent and looks like an advertising agency's idea of an old English craftsman. Midwinter's, who made nothing but traditional ware a year ago, now produce sixty per cent. contemporary and are increasing that percentage. Sales are booming at home and abroad; the firm has broken into leading London stores where it had been unrepresented; and Mr. Midwinter has to keep a secretary to do nothing

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Yet the leading firms, on the whole, flatly refuse to turn out contemporary designs. Their utmost concession is to get the worst of both worlds by an uneasy compromise—a pink rose surrounded by space instead of by fern-leaves. Their reasons—apart from the argument, stated with some vehemence, that they just don't like it—are that contemporary design is a passing fad, and that all contemporary design looks alike. The first argument seems unconvincing when the Swedish industry has been living on contemporary for thirty years. The second has an apparent logic, for it is true that British traditional patterns are recognised the world over, and it is easy to ask: "Why should customers favour us if we produce the same as the Swedes and the Americans?"

Yet the experience of Midwinter's shows this thinking to be as mistaken as it is defeatist. The lesson of the Festival era is surely that Britain can make a name for modern design of a distinctive and sought-after type. It seems that the young American bride who wants her home to be gay and her entertaining informal, the Australian anxious to keep up with modern taste, and the new customer in Accra all want the Potteries to do just that.

MERVYN JONES

Survival of the Richest

GRANDFATHER and I exchanged a few letters on the topic of finance after I was married. He wrote that he couldn't understand *how* I was spending over seven hundred rupees a month in Bombay on the two of us and one baby, when he managed to live gloriously (in U.P.) on two hundred a month and save most of that! How would I like it, he wrote, if I had to keep ten servants instead of two, and their families, and see that all their daughters were married decently, with plenty of lights and music and the right dowry? Rest O.K., he said, and Grandmother sent her Asheerbad.

I tried once or twice to give a statement of account; I told him the price of milk, the wages of Bombay servants, the price of fruit and vegetables (it was no use telling him the price of meat, my husband said, as he only eats it on holidays), the cost of gas and electricity—two things which hadn't yet reached him in Nanpara. I piled on the agony, adding an anna here and there. We spent a fortune on books, cinema and petrol, so I increased the price of the imported powdered-milk I bought for the infant. Grandfather wrote back to say that obviously what I needed was a good Urdu-speaking servant (*naturally* a Christian cook would cheat me) but no God-fearing U.P-ian could be got to work in this westernised sink of iniquity. Rest O.K. and Grandmother sends her Asheerbad.

I didn't write for a week or so. Grandfather wired to say he was coming down at once and I must get an extra two seers of milk a day for him. I raised my eyes and hands to Heaven. Milk at a rupee a seer would increase our bill by sixty rupees a month. I recklessly bought yards of cloth from the Swadeshi Co-op., borrowed a sewing-machine and converted the spare room into a double bedroom. We borrowed back the beds we'd lent the servants.

We met Grandfather at Victoria Terminus. He and Grandmother had brought their bed-rolls, several tin-trunks which contained a lot of saris grandmother had received as part of her dowry forty years ago, several tiffin-carriers, and a multitude of baskets. Grandfather was rather touchy. He had had to travel all the way from Lucknow with two Catholic priests who snored. The baskets had contained all kinds of food to keep Grandfather alive on the way down, and he had thoughtfully brought mangoes and some limes from his garden. The largest tiffin-carrier held about ten pounds of thick cream Grandmother had boiled up over the past week, another held a few seers of pure ghi (we used the cheap Vanaspati), there was a two-gallon tin of fresh honey, clear and gold, for the baby, and they had also brought an enormous earthenware pot with a tap—their own water.

I installed Grandfather and Grandmother in their bedroom, and put some of the perishables in the refrigerator. They bathed and dressed—Grandfather in a pure white cotton dhoti (he only wore trousers when travelling but didn't really think much of them) and then they gave us several bundles. These were wooden toys for the infant, gold and diamond hair-slides for me, and they also handed over the curtains and bedspread from their room—they had removed them because they kept out the air.

The dreaded hour arrived. The cook announced dinner. Grandfather said, "That man's a Christian. How d'you expect *him* to make a decent chapatti? Takes a Northerner to make proper chapattis!" Grandfather said: "This rice I wouldn't give to pigs. What d'you buy this rice for?" I told him we got it from the Navy rationing stores. "I'll send you four sacks a month from home," he said. Grandmother said the dahee wasn't very rich—she could only suppose the milkman watered it too much. Grandfather said HE would do the bazaar tomorrow.

Grandfather came back the next morning at dawn and reported that he had discovered the milkman watering the milk with the water the buffaloes bathed in. He did not, however, blame the milkman (who was from U.P.), but he blamed us for not keeping our own cows. We pointed out that we lived in a block of flats in the middle of the city. He said there was really no reason why we shouldn't rent a little bit of grass and keep a man to watch the cows. It wasn't any use making excuses, he said—no wonder the money flew! He announced that he wasn't going to drink any more Bombay milk at all. I whistled with relief. Grandfather said the masalas in the bazaar were all withered and stale and he would see that Grandmother sent us fresh, home-grown masalas from U.P. Grandfather said he had been to the meat-bazaar and the meat was all rotten. Why didn't we watch it being killed to make sure it was fresh? Some of that meat, he said, must be a day old!

Grandfather said Grandmother must do the cooking; it wasn't really *done* to eat food cooked by a Christian and it was too hot for Grandmother to keep her face covered all the time in the kitchen. The food improved a thousand-fold. The cook spent nearly all his time seeing Tamil films and just came home now and again to do the washing-up. Next Grandfather interviewed the dhobi. Why was it, he asked, that in U.P. he got his washing done for five rupees a month, yet we paid twenty in Bombay? All the dhobis are from U.P., so they reminisced. Grandfather could understand perfectly all the trials and tribulations of dhobying in Bombay, but knocked it down to fifteen, with starch.

While Grandfather was out walking by the sea-front one evening, he met a man from his own village so he brought him home to dinner. His friend had once dispensed medicines in his own clinic (no, he hadn't any degrees or qualifications—he just wanted to help the community); then he had started a sugar-factory; then he had published a Who's Who of Bombay but the printers had ruined it, printing half the words upside-down, so he had bought a dairy in Choor Bazaar and invited us all round for a lassi any time we liked. Even after he and Grandfather had spent the evening reciting Urdu poetry about beautiful women covering them with hair and delighting their bachelor days, the friend's milk prices were still competitive!

Grandfather had intended to stay a month, but he became fidgety after a week and nothing could hold him after a fortnight. He was worried about his cows and he had a letter to say that a few Communists had burnt some of his fields over the Nepal border. He said it worried him to death to see us living like this in Bombay. It was all very well to have luxury items like fans and electricity and radio and a motor-car and baths with hot water, but he didn't think it was worth it if we had to starve to death! We saw him off at Victoria Terminus. Grandmother embraced us all and cried into the end of her sari and implored us to look after ourselves and not to let the cook do too much of the cooking because she was sure we would perish from malnutrition.

We sighed as the train pulled out. Grandfather had given me two hundred rupees to buy myself some sweets.

RANI SINHA

The Arts and Entertainment

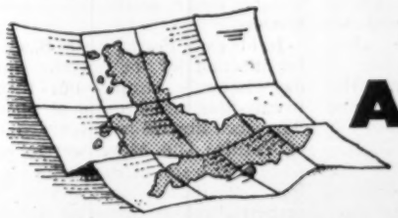
ART IS SLOW

"LIFE is rapid, art is slow, occasion coy, practice fallacious, judgment partial." That aphorism of Fuseli's is perhaps over-pessimistic, but it remains a very salutary reminder. It is not easy—and even less easy today than in Fuseli's time—to be even a mediocre artist. Chardin's plea can still ring out as fresh as ever:

> Messieurs, messieurs, not quite so fast! Seek out the worst of all the pictures here and think that two thousand unfortunates have broken their brushes between their teeth, in despair at ever doing anything so bad . . . you can be sure that most of the high places in society would be empty if one were admitted only after an examination as severe as the one we must pass . . . be lenient, messieurs, lenient.

Yet at the same time criticism becomes meaningless unless the critic somehow tries to retain the highest, most severe standards. The important point is that these standards should always be applied to honour, whenever possible, the attempt—not merely to dismiss it. The complicating factor, however, is Reputation. False reputations, like flattery, are the final insult—to the artist concerned and to all those who practise the same art. I say this now—not in any way to modify—but to clarify the purpose of both previous criticism and my remarks this week.

There are sixty Whistler etchings and ten lithographs on show at the Arts Council, St. James's Square. They represent all periods of his work from his early, sharp limpid etchings of the Thames to the later, insubstantial but no less meticulous, light-swooning visions of Venice. Particularly impressive is his first set of etchings of genre subjects—*La Vieille aux Loques*, *The Kitchen*. In all Whistler's work there is a professional incisiveness, an acuteness of sensibility and execution that uplifts and delights after one's own muddled, everyday, smoggy vision. But to link his name, as is done in the catalogue, with Rembrandt's is to exaggerate absurdly. Whistler was literally a superficial artist: his response was to surfaces: the surface of the etching plate itself, the grain of a face or dress,



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OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE

the façade of a building. His signature was a butterfly. He believed that the artist "stands in no relation to the moment at which he occurs—a monument of isolation—hinting at sadness—having no part in the progress of his fellow men." And thus he was always the visitor looking at the view. He remained outside his subjects, arranging them rather as a traveller arranges the photographs in his album. He never grew with them. It is this which explains why, if one isolates the folds of a dress in any of his portraits, one cannot *feel* the form of the body underneath, but only infer it. It also explains why his most powerful works so often depend on a silhouette—the silhouette is the maximum drama one ever comes across as an onlooker.

Augustus John's 450 works at Burlington House pose very clearly the problem of this extraordinary artist's talent. He is primarily a draughtsman. Even his paintings are *drawn* in paint—a distinction that becomes clear if one compares them for instance with Sickert's canvases. As a draughtsman his sheer grace of drawing can only be equalled by Picasso. Every single one of the drawings on show is bewitching. Here, you feel, is at last an artist concerned with Beauty—rather in the same way as poets in happier days used to write about the Spring. And yet, as one goes on looking, one knows that they lack something. They are too beautiful, too easily and liquidly idealised. Notice how in so many of John's works everything depends upon the brimful expression of the eyes: cover them up and the work loses nearly all its compulsion. One of his best portraits is of Bernard Shaw asleep: here he had to investigate further and harder to establish character. I am not saying that John's great talent is simply slick. Far from it. It is a question of the emotional level of his work, and the clue is to be found in one of his own very frank remarks: "Does it not seem as if the secret of the artist lies in the prolongation of the age of adolescence whatever increase of technical skill and sophistication the lessons of the years may bring?" One might sum it up by saying that in every picture when he has not been bored, John has hero-worshipped.

Signac, at the Marlborough Galleries, is probably an underestimated artist. The usual view of him is that while he was working out Divisionism with Seurat he was important, but that afterwards (Seurat died in 1891: Signac in 1935) he became a dull, automatic, even sentimental painter. This show of 20 oil paintings and over 30 water-colours should correct this opinion. His early works such as the riverscape *Les Andelys* and *Les Modistes* at their table cutting hats, are obviously impressive. One of the *modistes* leans forward from her chair to pick something up and supports her weight with her hand on the floor, and particularly with her thumb. The whole picture is constructed with the same hard, unevasive pressure that that thumb has. The later canvases of sailing ships in full sail, Istanbul harbour, sunsets, may at first glance remind one of galleons on fire-screens. But look harder. Remember that Signac was a sailor all his life. Then gradually the courage of these pictures becomes clear. In fact they are utterly unromantic. They are Atlantis, not dreamed-up, but *discovered* in a prism. Occasionally, as also in some of his water-colours, Signac's faith in plausible unity and happiness carried him too far and his colours became bunting. But it was a generous, good fault: and more often he succeeds, gives with full delight and real subtlety reason for celebration.

At the New Burlington Galleries there is an exhibition from Paris of drawings and prints by Steinlen, and a show of paintings and drawings by the two Scottish artists W. G. Gillies and John Maxwell. I would like to write at length about Steinlen. All I can do is to pay him the general tribute which, as the journalist he made himself, he might have considered just: he was efficient, effective, outspoken, and used all his imagination to reach the conscience of his readers. Look for incidental interest at his sketches of Anatole France; and ignore parts of the foreword to the catalogue—he *was* a satirist, he did *not* confine his subjects to the lower middle class and criminals, and in effect he *was* a Socialist.

John Maxwell is a true poet-painter. His water-colours and drawings contain genuine poetic vision. They are vague and dreamy, but behind them lies the cherishing of minutely observed facts. They have grown, like the blossoms that crowd so many of his pictures, from hard seeds. His *Flowers in a Shell* (No. 80) is a beautiful painter's comment on Ariel's "sea change." In his earlier oil paintings he was able to embody the same spirit of a nosegay (gillyflowers for gentleness, pennyroyal to print your love) in scenes of symbolic figures. His later ones are somewhat strained. This may explain why he paints little now. If so, it is a tribute to his integrity. He is not prepared to poeticise.

W. G. Gillies is a good landscape painter. He has a wary eye for colour and knows that what happens the other side of a hill is often unpredictable. He can communicate his surprise whilst analysing what has surprised him. His formalised still lives are less interesting.

JOHN BERGER

LOVE OF THE MEDIUM

Two concertos by rising young English composers have been played lately, that of Iain Hamilton for clarinet and that of Fricker for piano. There is one marked difference between the two works. Mr. Hamilton sounds in love with the clarinet, but Mr. Fricker, at any rate on this occasion, appears to have felt lukewarm about the piano.

The piano has the disadvantage of being the musical equivalent of bread-and-butter, whereas almost every composer who writes for the clarinet writes *con amore*. There is something irresistible in its combination of suavity and pep, sentimentality and bounce. Composers who would scorn to write cantabile or florid passages for the soprano voice lavish upon this instrument their most lyrical melodies and their most telling acrobatics. Iain Hamilton has done much more in his Concerto (first played two years ago by the late Frederick Thurston, and now beautifully revived by Jack Brymer, with the B.B.C. Orchestra under Goossens); but love of the chosen medium is the dominating impression left by the piece. The note is struck at the first appearance of the soloist: he leaps on to the stage like a dancer in a spotlight. The first movement contains fierce Waltonian orchestral climaxes in which the clarinet, by its nature, can play no part; thus the structure tends, as often with this composer, towards the episodic. In the following adagio sereno, a lovely piece, the soloist maintains an unforced supremacy; while in the finale he is playful, tender, angular and comic by turns—with, towards the end, a touching backward glance at the emotional landscape lately traversed. Besides being a valuable addition to the clarinet repertory, this is the warmest and most immediately attractive of the composer's works which I have yet heard.

Fricker has never been thought a warm composer, but he has often shown himself an impressive thinker in musical shapes and tectures. Maybe there is more in his Piano Concerto than met the ear last Sunday at the Festival Hall, where it received its first performance from Harriet Cohen and the L.S.O. under Sir Adrian Boult. On that occasion the first movement, a sort of toccata, seemed about as featureless as music well can be. The second, a theme with variations which alternate between fast and slow, has more colour, and its conclusion in a gentle, unresolved clash of E minor and major is a truly poetic moment; but the theme itself is not very memorable. In fact each of the three movements ends better than it began—like a guest who suddenly becomes affectionate when the taxi is at the door. Before, the atmosphere was polite but constrained. The orchestra posed some interesting questions, but the soloist's answer was invariably dusty; so the talk remained lifeless and loveless.

In his early *Pearl Fishers* Bizet showed a cheerful affection for the operatic conventions of his day, however absurd—but then he was only twenty-four and brimful of unexpended genius. The stock libretto has provoked a certain amount of Verdian and Meyerbeerian pastiche, but the score is also full of Bizet's highly individual feeling for theatre atmosphere and for vivid orchestral colour; above all, it is rich in delightful melody. The Sadler's Wells production does well by this singer's opera. Patricia Howard is a somewhat apologetic and bashful Leila, but her clean, even, forward-sounding soprano, with its unusually neat ornaments, suits the idiom of the music. Robert Thomas and John Hargreaves, as Nadir and Zenith (so Bernard Shaw used to call them), have rather thick voices for the elegant French melodic lines, but they were always effective. John Piper, spiritually no Cingalese, made a brave effort at smiling tropical skies and exotic charm. If the dancers wriggling and stomping in their Bikinis and gold dust provided a quaintly incongruous feature, Vilem Tausky conducted with a first-rate grasp of Bizet's style. Now—strange reversal of nature—he must encourage his young singers to be a little more conceited, a little more exhibitionist. It is, or should be, their show.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

STRATFORD

MR ANTHONY QUAYLE, the co-director of Stratford, opens this season with a reversal of the policy by which he rebuilt the Memorial Theatre's reputation to its present height. Instead of heading his company with stars, and strengthening it with tried actors in the chief supporting roles, he is allowing what in previous seasons would have been the small-part actors to carry the plays on their shoulders. This is a policy which for several reasons seems more bold than wise. In the first place the Stratford Company is not a permanent company in any sense—one, that is, which has worked for several years continuously under one director and could have developed a style of acting, or some such, to make up, as a team, for lack of individual striking power. They are comparatively young and comparatively inexperienced actors and actresses, some of whom have worked in the company for two years or so and shown promise in small parts.

To plunge the young and inexperienced into parts beyond their powers is a drastic way of testing them, like the old-fashioned way of teaching children to swim. It is a method which is likely to drown as many as it discovers (and from the actors' point of view, I should have thought it more valuable to give them the chance of taking parts, however small, alongside leading actors whose work they could observe and learn from). Particularly at Stratford. For the Stratford tradition under Mr. Quayle has been to make a virtue out of the conditions of the stage and theatre, and this has meant large-scale pictorial productions. In order to "carry" against this background, the actors must have commanding personalities, and these are more likely to be the products of maturity than of youth. What was most evident, for instance, in the *Othello* with which the season opened was the sense of strain all round. Almost everyone seemed to be trying to play well beyond the range of their voice and personality. There was none of that pleasant feeling of reserves on which one could be confident they would draw for the big moments. Even the ordinary moments lay at the edge of their compass, and one knew—horrid feeling—that the extraordinary ones were never going to be glimpsed.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but it seems to me obvious that if you are going to try out comparatively immature actors and actresses—and is Stratford the place within our present loose scheme to try them out; there are more junior repertory theatres like Bristol with more suitable stages and auditoria?—then your production must be scaled down to suit them. How to work this

Thoughts are free from toll

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

To think is not expensive. It needs no apparatus, no personnel, no premises. The only equipment is in one's head: the gears and pinions of the brain, and the lever that sets them turning.

Everyone can be a thinker. Not a great thinker, perhaps; but the creator, now and then, of a thought that has great consequences. And that is the measure of a thought's greatness: the ripples that it spreads.

At the back of every new industry is such a thought. Can 'it' be made some other way instead? Marketed or assembled more simply? Processed or refined by that method or in this place, instead of as before? A progressive industry is the translation of these thoughts into machinery, buildings and organisation.

But the climate in which such thoughts can first arise, and can be expressed in action, is one of free enquiry and research. Without this, invention gives way to maintenance. A trained man can be a technician; it takes a free man to be a thinker.

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on the Stratford stage would provide an interesting technical problem, and one that it might be conceivably rewarding for Stratford to tackle. But to retain the large-scale production and scale down the actors seems, on the face of it, to be courting disaster.

Not that *Othello* was a disaster; it was merely a moderate repertory performance, admirably staged and beautifully set (by Tanya Moisewitsch). By the standards of twenty and thirty years ago a modern repertory performance is well worth a visit. But by comparison with Stratford's own achievements it is, it must be admitted, not very much. *Othello* is perhaps not the best play to open the experiment with. Team-work, which can sometimes be a sort of substitute for talent, is not much on display. Primarily we depend on the Othello and the Iago. I myself would have been prepared to back heavily in advance on Mr. Quayle as Othello. He has a striking presence, and a considerable command. He has shown himself a fine and powerful actor in a variety of Shakespearean roles from Coriolanus to Falstaff. But in the event it must be sadly admitted that Othello was surprisingly far beyond his reach. Of course it was a most intelligent, well-planned and consistent performance. That one could rely on from him. But—such is the unfairness of the world—these virtues are not enough to carry. The extra dimension which the great Shakespearean roles demand failed to appear. Instead of dominating, Mr. Quayle appeared much smaller than many physically smaller actors have seemed in the role, and, in *Othello*, the faults of design all too quickly appear unless the Moor seizes us and blinds us to them. Mr. Quayle gave himself two unnecessary handicaps. He was his own producer, and so was unable to observe that he wasn't always placing himself to his own advantage; and secondly he had found an acceptable convention for a "black" voice, but this half closed his larynx, and that entailed a fatal sacrifice of tone and range and volume.

Among the company one could look only for promise, not for performance. With the largest part, the Iago, Mr. Raymond Westwell suffered most from the sense of strain which afflicted the company. Miss Barbara Jefford, with a lovely rich Pre-Raphaelite appearance, shows every sign of becoming a fine actress; at present her voice-control betrays her: she slides out too often into a too pronounced Kensington accent. Mr. Tony Britton has an agreeable sort of panache, like a swashbuckling young Dumas hero, and Miss Joan McArthur made a fine strong finish as Emilia. The young in every art learn naturally and rightly by imitating their betters; and the accents and styles of Redgrave, Andrews, Ashcroft and Gielgud, were everywhere audible and visible: sad, though, at Stratford to hear the echoes instead of enjoying the actualities.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is, on the face of it, a more suitable play for a young company, though in fact such arguing is specious. It may be true that this play breathes the spirit of youth and freshness, but it does not follow from that that the young and the fresh are able to represent these qualities on the stage. Life is not the same thing as art. Mr. Quayle's young company are young and fresh and they give a spirited performance. But the faults of inexperience and insufficiently developed ability abound and glare, above all in the verse speaking which is quite deplorably bad. A stylised set by Motley works admirably in the woodland scenes, and the play was staged unfussily but with many imaginative touches by Mr. George Devine. Bottom and the mechanicals, led by Mr. Quayle and Mr. Leo McKern, came up surprisingly fresh. Theirs is indeed the most accomplished strand in a production which is enjoyable in many of its parts but decidedly not memorable as a whole.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

IN my working-class, provincial, Nonconformist boyhood the great thing on Saturday nights was to go to the People's Concert at the Wesleyan Hall, admittance free, silver collection. The People's Concert had been devised during the nineteenth century to keep our grandparents out of the pubs. By the time I patronised it the menace had become not so much the Demon Drink as the wanton film. And how were we kept out of it? By a male voice singing *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, by a violinist playing Kreisler, by singers male and female regaling us with arias from *Cav.* and *Pag.* and *Gounod*, by young men with slicked-back shining hair performing what were called monologues, the most affecting of which, as I remember, was a little number which began with a disgruntled unemployed proletarian confronting a sprig of aristocracy in a public park thus: "Excuse me, Mister La-di-da, if I sits next to you," but—and this was the subtlety of it, and the pathos—the young aristocrat was blind, a war-casualty, the recognition of which induced an assuagement of the unemployed man's embitterment. And the People's Concert ended with a hymn and prayer and reminders of the approaching day, the morning service, the Young Men's Bible Class and, for the weaker brethren who had to be coddled away from sin, the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.

How could I have believed it, what would I have said, had I been told then that in thirty years' time, owing to the progress of applied science, I should be enjoying the pleasures of the People's Concert not only on Saturdays but every night, and without moving away from my own fireside? But there it is: British television is, for the most part, simply the People's Concert brought up to date. It exists in a similar context of values and intentions. Like the People's Concert, it is meant deliberately for the masses; it is something conferred upon them as from above, to prevent them from thinking dangerous thoughts and gently to condition them to right thinking and feeling. Nor, as a whole, is the intellectual or cultural level of British TV any higher than the People's Concert's; there is, of course, much more expertise and sophistication, but these merely emphasise what appears as an almost cynical philistinism and vulgarity. A few discussion programmes, news programmes and documentaries apart, there is nothing for the reasonably educated viewer, and one has the feeling in addition that if the planners of our TV knew there was a reasonably educated person watching their output, it would be an embarrassment to them. Such a play as Mr. MacNeice's dramatisation of Mr. Goronwy Rees's novel *Where No Wounds Were*, admirably done in the Home Service last week, would appear, if produced in TV as positively Fifth Programme.

Consider the week under review. There were two at any rate worthy attempts to use television to say something or to inform, *Putting Ideas to Work* and *Territory in Dispute* (on the Saar). The other programmes may be summed up in *Music for You*, *Thank You, Ally Pally* and *The Epilogue* conducted by the Rev. Billy Graham. I admit it: we never had Gigli at our People's Concert, but Gigli apart, *Music for You* was culturally on no higher a level than our People's Concerts, and much more vulgar: music of the Grand Hotel tea-time order, *If all those endearing young charms* and *Phil the Fluter's Ball* sung in period costume, dancing by Miss Rowena Jackson—and in the chatty interview that followed, Mr. Eric Robinson chucking Miss Jackson under the chin.

As for *Thank You, Ally Pally*, a televised party to mark the end of the Television Service's occupancy of Alexandra Palace, doubtless this was not meant to be regarded critically. But it lasted three-and-a-half hours and was, in effect, a survey of British television in retrospect. There was, obviously, a place here for pride, but how soon the pride became complacency! And how quickly it became apparent that, great though the technical developments of television may have been during the past years, there has been no corresponding development in the intelligent use of it. The programme ended with a party. Perhaps those who were there enjoyed themselves. As TV "personality" after "personality" was presented for our inspection, I watched in the hope of seeing Sir George Barnes plain. But Sir George did not appear: Mr. Arthur Askey did the final honours instead. Sir George, one assumed, had been wise and stayed at home to listen to the Third Programme.

And so to Mr. Graham. Neither Isadora Duncan nor H. G. Wells, he told us, had ever known a moment's peace of mind. He told us how he'd got it and how we could get it: as Mr. George Fea sang, "I'd sooner have Jesus than silver and gold." Mr. Graham informed us that the British Royal Family thought the same. The evidence was conclusive. It was all very simple, earnest and naive, more effective, one would imagine, than the hearty pipe-smoking parsons we usually get on TV. But—peace of mind. There was a time when the opium of the people was considered to be religion. It is difficult now to resist believing

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that many concerned in it are doing their best to make TV the great contemporary opium.

A discussion of the Labour Party's television film must wait till next week, when it will be possible to compare it with the Conservatives' broadcast.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Doctor in the House", at the Odeon
"Devil on Horseback" and "Eight O'Clock Walk", at the London Pavilion

Topicality is the last thing we expect of a film, but now and then it arrives by chance. With a standstill of the industry threatened, British films are in spate. We happen at the moment to be reading and talking a good deal about doctors, and here's *Doctor in the House*.

It may not noticeably affect argument, except perhaps to suggest that medical students are so besieged by sex that it's a wonder any of them ever pass an exam, let alone get a chance of setting an arm wrong. Landladies' daughters offer to undress the moment they come into the house, friends' fiancées welcome a stranger by asking him to bring tea to the bath, nurses are there for experimental joys, tinged by the danger of marriage. These are some of the occupational stresses, from which those studying the law or painting, architecture or accountancy, may find themselves comparatively free. However, when the time comes, love-life even at St. Swithin's is set aside, and the hero will bike away at midnight through the snow to his first child-birth. *Doctor in the House*, in fact, is a lighthearted skim through four years of routine, which starts with the advantage that it doesn't contain a single joke about the National Health Service.

Some of the jokes are very funny. I liked the fearful shagginess of the great surgeon (James Robertson Justice), the first day in the ward, the expensive pick-up, the tussle over expulsion, the vivas, and especially Mr. Kenneth More, with flowered waistcoats and £1,000 a year left by an aunt till he is self-supporting. Mr. More gives us his Englishness neat as did once Mr. Naunton Wayne, and the one is as breezy as the other is becalmed; it is pleasant to think of them sharing a railway carriage, playing snooker together, meeting on a dubious Paris stairway. In *Doctor in the House* he is as expansively, loudly comic as he was when he first hit the midriff driving his old crock to Brighton. The film this time lacks distinction, making up with high spirits what it lacks in skill, and hopping from one snap-scene to the next between four friends. One tires of this jerky anecdotage, and a good deal of the fun is rather obvious; yet *Doctor in the House* has the little bit that makes for better entertainment. It is directed by Ralph Thomas.

Devil on Horseback, with its story of the boyhood of a great jockey, has both the virtues and the faults of most Group 3 Productions. Its documentation, that's to say, is good and even exciting, while its story and glow of sentiment remain unreal. The direction of Cyril Frankel provides as vivid an impression of horse-racing as I have come across on a screen, and one learns something of the beauty and oddity of horses: they stand long-legged in a yard, canter in the morning sun, browse under a shade of trees. The young genius with them is Jeremy Spenser, supremely eager, then selfwilled, and then in a rosy haze broken-in. Except in the last phase he seems as much at home on a horse as before a camera. On the whole, despite the ending, the modest virtues of this film conquer.

Eight O'Clock Walk—the third of this British trio—begins with child murder, but then moves to the firmer fictional ground of Mr. Richard Attenborough as a taxi-driver falsely accused of murder. We have to dread for him all through the usual trial of damning evidence, knowing quite well that he'll get off, though never guessing how incompetently it will come about. Mr. Attenborough, by his performance, does all that could be done to pull this picture out of the rut.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Royal Air Force announces

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THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Correspondence

PARTIES AND THE PRESS

SIR,—Your article admits that "privacy is frequently desirable if politicians are to discuss their differences without playing to the gallery, and settle them by reasonable compromises." This has long been understood by those, of all political beliefs, who join a party because they agree with its principles and regard it as an organisation for putting those principles into effective operation. Not only the Parliamentary Labour Party but the Labour (and Conservative) groups on local authorities meet regularly in private to decide their attitude to the items on the Council agenda.

The reason is not far to seek. Assemblies such as the Parliamentary Labour Party, the National Executive, or the Labour Group on a local authority do not decide what the party's principles are: they have the less profound but more complex task of deciding what course of action, in a given set of circumstances, best expresses those principles. For this purpose there must be full and candid discussion followed by resolute and united action. If decisions are to be wise, members must express in the discussions not only their convictions but their hesitations, anxieties and concern over practical difficulties: they will not do this if they find that their remarks are to be publicised and so made into ammunition for their opponents' use. If such publicity became general, politicians would be increasingly led to substitute repetition of slogans for serious consideration of policy.

This is not to say that the Press and the public should have no guide save "official hand-outs." M.P.s of all parties can and do express their individual views in public on every sort of question. It is one thing, however, for a Labour M.P. to say "I shall express, in the House and elsewhere, my own view on German rearmament"; it is quite another to say "I shall give to a newspaper my version of what other people (supposed to be my comrades) said at a meeting which they and I understood to be private, and I shall enliven my account with a slightly malicious description of their appearance and idiosyncracies." There may or may not be a case for altering the Standing Orders of the Parliamentary Labour Party or the procedure of the N.E.C.; but at present every member of either body knows that he attends meetings on the understanding that they are confidential. No amount of learned historical reference to Colonel Onslow and Brass Crosby can disguise the fact that a breach of this confidence is dishonourable and uncomradely. Whether a paper with the prestige of the *Observer* should get help from informants who remain anonymous and must, in the nature of the case, have broken faith with their comrades, is a matter, perhaps of taste, perhaps of ethics.

House of Commons. MICHAEL STEWART

KENYA CONSTITUTION

SIR,—When the Colonial Secretary left Lagos after his constitutional talks in Nigeria, we are told he was cheered all the way to the airport, and that his famous cigar of conciliation is now a museum-piece: but when he left Nairobi airport after the constitutional talks in Kenya—the *only* community *not* seeing him off was the African.

Here are some 40,000 Whites in a black sea of 5½ million Africans, and the scheme to be imposed gives 13 seats of the 16-strong Council to the Europeans, one to the Africans, and two to the Asians. To be fair, only three of these 13 Whites are *elected*, and thus responsible, in the main, to the dominant farming group of the White Highlands. It is quite nonsensical of the NEW STATESMAN to imply that the White settlers have beaten down the opposition of Whitehall—for it is an open secret that Mr. Lyttelton went out with certain ideas, and the settlers themselves have bitterly complained of his "bulldozing" tactics. Surely no one is going to brand such nominated members as Mr. E. A. Vasey (Finance), Mr. A. G. Whyatt (Justice), Mr. Hartwell (Education and Labour) as men who would "kow tow" to settler extremists. I can vouch that they are different stuff and that they are genuinely watchdogs for Asian and African interests; even more important, a man like E. A. Vasey commands the respect and confidence of the non-European community. Again in the Report of the Parliamentary delegation we say: ". . . the appointment by the Governor of representatives of all the main races—who would thereby assume responsibility for appropriate portfolios."

This bluntly means multi-racial or coalition government—nobody, politician or journalist, has criticised this recommendation since our return, save reactionaries like Lord Milverton in Rhodesia and Humphrey Slade in the White Highlands! Personally I welcome the methods of Mr. Lyttelton in knocking some White settlers' heads together and performing the first job of any Colonial Secretary who aspires to be a statesman—that of polarising White opinion. This splitting of the Whites into liberal elements behind Michael Blundell and illiberal elements under Humphrey Slade, is the vital first step to any progress towards a multi-racial society, and away from any divisions upon a purely communal or colour basis. But, of course, Oliver Lyttelton should have gone much further—he is not usually a timid man. Why didn't he insist upon the 4.2.2. formula suggested by Eliud Mathu? Surely it was not unreasonable for Africans to want two Ministers and thus have parity with Asians, while the Europeans would have four elected members. The great unfairness still lies in the fact that the African members are not to be elected and, unlike Europeans and Asians, have no responsibility to their own people. It is absolutely necessary that some form of franchise be introduced, and that African members be elected to the Legislative Council at the coming General Election before 1956. Not only will this bring them into the picture with Asians and Europeans, but this will also silence those European critics who so often play down Eliud Mathu and his colleagues as being unrepresentative of their people. The Africans must have their own political organisation again to fill the vacuum caused by the banning of the Kenya African Union because of complicity with Mau Mau.

I am bound to say that this African suspicion and opposition is, in my view, justified. There is evidence that they were ignored in the early stages of the talks and only brought in, when they were, mainly at the insistence of the Muslim and Hindu leaders. But worse than this, it seems evident that the Africans were not to be allowed to choose their member of the Cabinet. Mr. Mathu is not *persona grata* with the White members for various reasons; but none of them will deny he is a first-class debater in the Chamber and the accepted leader of the African members. Despite this, the Europeans, it would appear, will ask Mr. Lyttelton's assistance to decide who shall be the African Minister, and there have even been suggestions of going outside the Council for a suitable nominee. Fancy the Governor suggesting to the Europeans, Muslims and Hindus that he might nominate their Ministers! It is quite obviously unthinkable and unacceptable. In the event it may turn out to be Mr. Ohangu of the Luo tribe. However, unless he has official backing from his own African community, it would seem that any African will be regarded as a Government stooge, unfortunate as this may appear to the Colonial Secretary and the Governor.

The Europeans and Asians are satisfied, but not the Africans; yet, please note, their loyalty does not appear undermined, for they have undertaken not to put any obstacle in the way of individual Africans who might be offered Ministerial posts, despite the fact they do not accept the proposals as a group. As I see it the Africans are being magnanimous. It seems to me a great pity that Mr. Lyttelton could not have persuaded the Europeans to be a little more magnanimous themselves. After all, he is the Colonial Secretary, with all his prestige, and should do more than assent to the minimum which apparently the White community were prepared to give.

House of Commons. JAMES JOHNSON

[We are glad to see that Mr. Johnson, a member of the Parliamentary delegation which has recently reported, agrees in almost every point with our analysis of Mr. Lyttelton's constitutional changes in Kenya. Mr. Johnson's objection to our remark about the settlers having beaten down Whitehall opposition is clearly due to inadequate knowledge of Kenya history. We referred to the battle for settler government in Nairobi which has been bitterly fought against the Governor and Whitehall for the last thirty years.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE KABAKA

SIR,—It is always difficult to reconstruct an institution once it is broken up. The Kingship of Buganda is now at stake and the possibility of its breaking up altogether is not unlikely if Mutesa is not returned to the throne or if he does not renounce it himself. My belief is based on the following facts:—

(1) Whatever the Government may think or say about Mutesa, he is regarded by his own people as a martyr and with the exception of a very small minority all Africans are behind him.

(2) All the people who perform the coronation ceremonies are behind Mutesa and it is inconceivable how these hereditary Bataka will ever agree to perform the ceremonies so long as the Baganda still recognise Mutesa as their Kabaka.

(3) Mutesa is the only legitimate Kabaka. It is true the late Kabaka had several sons who are much older than Mutesa but they could not be considered. I was an eye-witness when Mutesa was unanimously elected to be the King. He was the only candidate—all other princes were ruled out at that time. If the Buganda Parliament had rejected all other princes, I do not see how they can now consider one of them.

(4) Mutesa was the only prince who was specially trained to fill up that responsible office. I do not think the educated Baganda will agree to be ruled by an untrained King.

Now the next question is: What will happen if Mutesa is not returned to his throne? The answer is simple though a painful one. It will probably be the end of the dynasty of 37 generations! If this happens it will certainly disorganise the whole structure of the society because it is mainly constructed on and around the King.

W. P. TAMUKEDDE ZAKE
The East African University College.
Makerere, P.O. Box 262, Kampala.

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—Lord Latham does not answer G. D. H. Cole's closely reasoned plea against rearmament. He is merely inarticulately abusive. In this he faithfully follows the other representatives of the Labour Right Wing and of the Tories.

He does, however, challenge Mr. Cole's claim that a great majority of the active members of the Labour Party is opposed to the policy of the leadership of the Parliamentary Party. He could not have seen the Gallup Poll, which wholly supports Mr. Cole's contention. The majority, even of the Tory supporters, is opposed to German rearmament. This fact seems to justify the anxiety of the majority of the members of the various Labour caucuses to conceal their proceedings and opinions. T. BALOGH

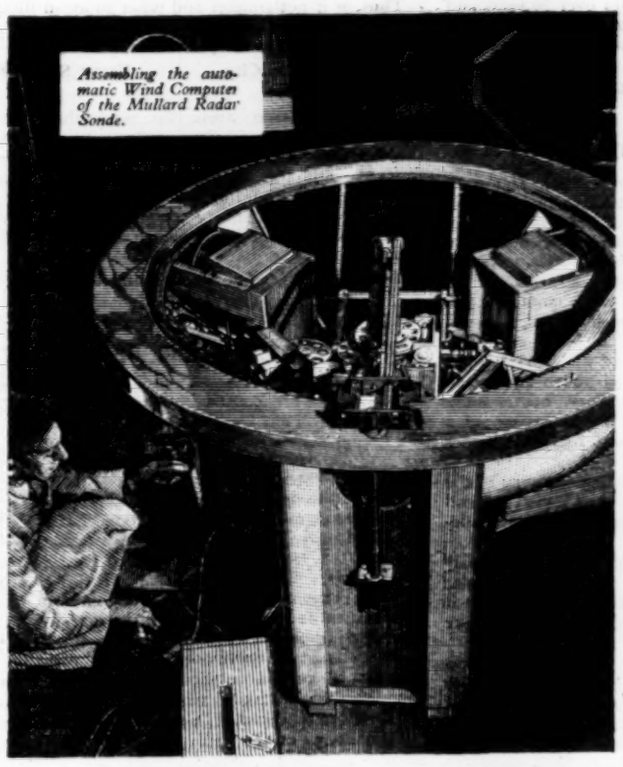
Oxford.

HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—In support of your correspondent Kathleen Nott's protest against what seems an unjustifiable censorship of our reading, it may be of interest to your readers to know that at my local public library I was told I could not have a copy of Alfred Hayes' novel *In Love* because a member of the Library Committee had objected to its inclusion in its fiction list. This book had an exceptionally enthusiastic review by Mr. Maclaren Ross in the *Sunday Times* and was also favourably noticed in the *Observer* and by Mr. John Lehmann on the Home Service Sunday Book Talk of the B.B.C.

On the face of it, it seems absurd that a book which did not shock the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* or the B.B.C. and which was requested, I believe, by some dozen library-members, should be denied to them as unfit to read by some unknown and perhaps quite unliterary Councillor. It would also interest me to know how he obtained his copy.

Hampstead. MARY WEDD



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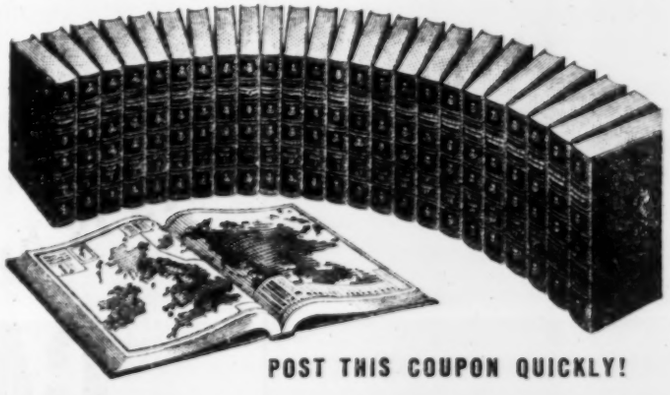

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SCIENCE FICTION

SIR,—Most discriminating readers of science fiction would, I think, agree with Professor Lovell's opinion that the greater part of the present output is pretty poisonous tripe. But to dismiss science fiction as worthless on the sort of sample he seems to have considered is a little unfair on the relatively few authors whose work deserves more serious attention. I would hesitate to judge crime fiction on a similar numerically representative sample, as I suspect that the Agatha Christies and Georges Simenons would be submerged by the numbers of those novels whose ubiquity is matched only by the lurid indiscretion of their covers. Moreover I doubt whether even the best crime fiction is read or has achieved its eminence primarily because of its literary merit.

It is unfortunate that Professor Lovell visited his strictures on *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine in particular. Notwithstanding its title, which is understandably unprepossessing to the scientifically literate, it is one of the few, if not the only, magazines which consistently produce stories of ingenuity and scientific credibility. Its level of literary attainment, while not so high as to class it as good literature, is neither so low as to interfere with the enjoyment of at least one reader who, I hope, is not entirely uncritical. Though I am a graduate in physics the level of scientific understanding is in general such that besides being entertained I am not infrequently edified by what I read. No people appear to be less complacent about the literary aspects of science fiction than the writers themselves, and, although no Wells has so far appeared, I think that the work of the best authors, particularly Ray Bradbury, is worthy of rather more than Professor Lovell's peremptory dismissal.

E. R. BILLAM

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. A. C. B. Lovell, refers to the "transient existence" of the magazine *Astounding Science Fiction*. May we point out that the adjective is hardly apt? This American monthly magazine has been in existence for over 20 years and the British edition, which we publish, is nearly 15 years old. Both editions have flourishing circulations.

W. D. DENTON

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HENRY MOORE

SIR,—It is impetuous of Mr. Patrick Heron to jump so eagerly and quickly to the conclusion, drawn chiefly from Mr. Berger's and Sir Alfred Munnings' correspondence, that realism and academicainism and the two political extremes share identical interests, so prompting antipathy to everything abstract.

No such easy cut-and-dried "major point" exists. For Sir Alfred Munnings, it is well known, had unstinted praise for the finish of the arch-surrealist, the late Edward Wadsworth, and his work. First and foremost, Sir Alfred is not so much adverse to the abstract, although a strong Tory, but is more biased in favour, when judging fellow artists, of a Victorian stipple, notwithstanding his own bolder technique.

Then Mr. Berger, Mr. Heron views as being of the extreme Left and consequently a "social realist." But, another Communist, Picasso, still swears allegiance to the abstract.

Mr. Heron, in his intolerance, is ingeniously contriving to pour cold water on any unpleasant adverse art criticism of the abstract by confusing it with political extremes which might be unpopular with the majority.

Are we to deduce that only Socialists, Liberals and Progressive Conservatives are constituted to judge abstract art fairly? Hardly, for even Mr. Heron's father-in-law, although a mild Socialist, regularly displaying "Vote Labour" posters at each election, is a realist. He gives the unsolicited exhortation to Hertfordshire artists to paint "life" and suggests such subjects as "Queues in Shops; Infant Welfare Centres; Pioneers in Gumboots."

Thus, is it not simpler and wiser to avoid illogical incoherence and forget people's political colours where taste in art is the prime issue?

Welwyn Garden City. FAITH SHEPPARD

SIR,—Mr. Heron wrote last week that "social realist art criticism and tired academicism in painting share identical interests." Can Mr. Heron come forward with the name of one—just one—artist born after 1850 whom both Sir Alfred Munnings and Mr. Berger would admire? Or, if this is too difficult, just one artistic theory to which they would both subscribe?

108, St. Georges Square, S.W.1. BENEDICT NICOLSON

CONTROLLING MR. BEAUMONT

SIR,—Surely Mr. Wyatt's Bill and your charges against the Tennent organisation and Mr. Beaumont are a good deal of fuss about nothing? You agree that tax exemption for companies bound to plough back their profits has raised the standard and prestige of the British theatre remarkably—and much of the credit for this is due to Tennent Productions. The target for the attack is the association of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., with Tennent Productions; and the charges are that this association has enabled Mr. Beaumont to build up a monopoly, and that it has also enabled H. M. Tennent to make a large profit out of the management fees charged against the non-profit Tennent Productions.

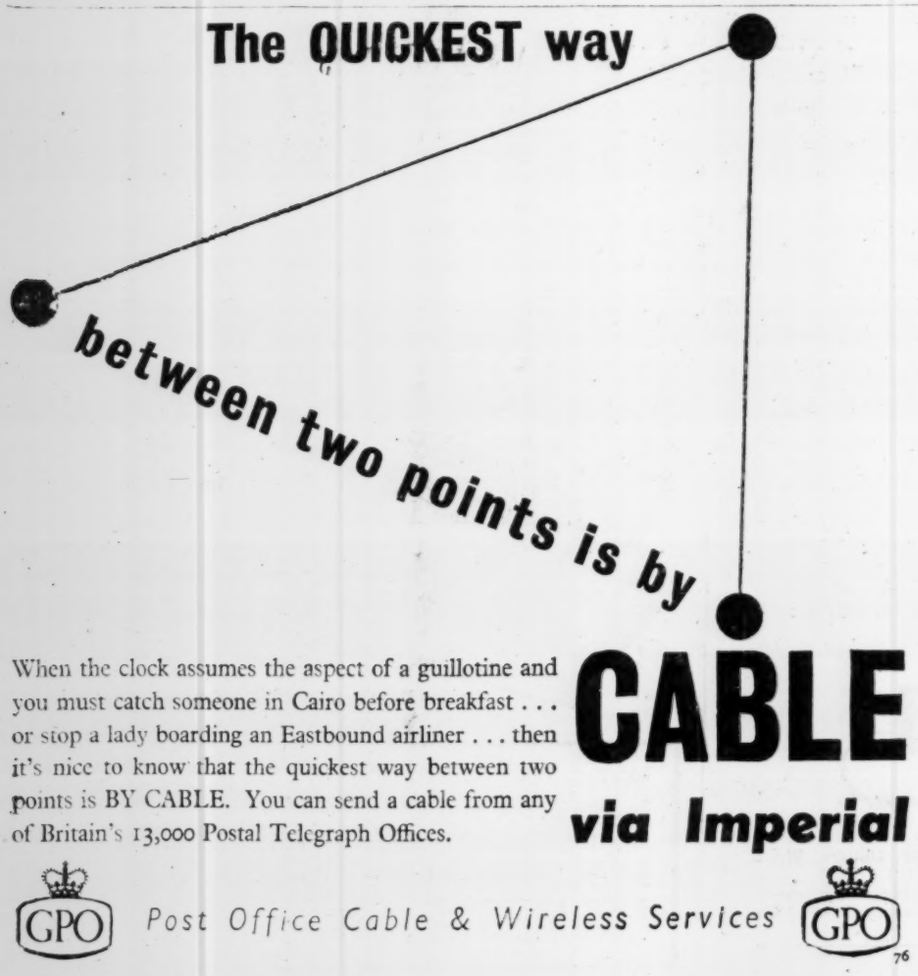
The charge of monopoly is easily disposed of. Happily, there are in fact about ten other well-established managements regularly producing straight plays in the West End. The sheer size of the Tennent organisation does not justify the charge of monopoly; neither do their practices, which are in no way restrictive. They do not own theatres; the only actors they have under contract are young players whom they hope to bring on; the stars who frequently appear in their productions do so of their own choice; the dramatists whose plays they present are free to offer their works to any management they prefer. Where is this monopoly? Certainly not in the right to benefit from tax exemption—a scheme which enabled Sir Laurence Olivier, for instance, to give us the two Cleopatras in 1951 while keeping another company for the still legitimate business of making money.

The second charge is that Tennent Productions is operated for the personal enrichment of H. M. Tennent and Mr. Beaumont. In fact, the only payment made is the management fee of £40 per week for each play produced by Tennent Productions. For this fee, the non-profit company has the benefit of the large organisation, of which the overheads and risk are carried by H. M. Tennent, including the services of Mr. Beaumont (who receives no salary as a director of Tennent Productions), and a group of highly skilled specialists. The heavy work of running the repertory theatre at the Lyric, Hammersmith (where the invaluable experimental work costs Tennent Productions an average of £10,000 a year) falls largely on the H. M. Tennent staff. The only time when the receipt of management fees from Tennent Productions can show a profit to H. M. Tennent is when the number of the former's productions is large enough for the fees to come near paying the total annual overheads of the whole organisation.

If this should be the case, Mr. Wyatt's mind can easily be set at rest without an Act of Parliament. The size of the management fees allowable is not laid down under present legislation, but has been arrived at by custom with the Department of Inland Revenue, whose duty it is to watch over the affairs and examine the accounts of non-profit-distributing companies. It is up to them, if necessary, to insist on a sliding scale by which the management fee is lowered in proportion to the number of productions undertaken.

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Beaumont's real crime, in the eyes of the NEW STATESMAN and Mr. Wyatt, is that he is successful. Is it not possible that outstanding success may be the result not of a weakness in the law but of exceptional ability and capacity for hard work? MICHAEL MACOWAN

Savile Club.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One-Man Band

On the surface, what you see of Peter Ustinov in brief moments of repose is a tubby character with the affable, slouchy, sulky exterior of a Giant Panda. Massively untidy, slack, uniting the disturbing insatiable curiosity of the Elephant's Child with the rooted gravity of a wise and dynastic Ancient of Days. The brow and eyes are noble under an unpredictable and assertive thatch. Nose strong, mouth—the comic's greatest working asset—an astounding bag of tricks, capable of more intricate convolutions than a sea anemone. The eyes vanish—in a smile sometimes sheepish, as vast, rich and strange as the Cheshire Cat's, and the laugh is easy yet oddly unamused. The voice, when you infrequently catch it off guard, uncharacterised and therefore generally unidentifiable, has the dry, mundane, metropolitan quality of the Old Westminster. He speaks concentratedly, never loudly—it is always the laughter round him that first catches the attention. He will make an unobtrusive entrance, *piano*, on a minor theme, creating a dangerous calm, listening, limbering up.

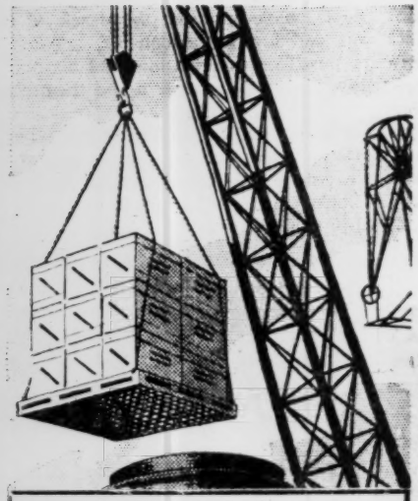
Then the contradictions set in. You will observe that the clothes, which may look in need of pressing and brushing, have been put together with a dandy's regard for colour, cloth and design. The myth sets out that he owns no cuff-links (though he once hired a pair complete with full evening dress, all later burgled) yet the waistcoats emphasising the Georgian frontage are boldly idiosyncratic, and Huntsman's know him well.

As a profoundly international product of mixed nationalities, he has become an authority on family and national inherited characteristics. Deeply aware of his ancestors, he has nevertheless preserved enough of the traditionally non-informative Russian in him to make the disentangling of his descent, a complicated and unusually talented one, no easy task. His relatives, many of them highly proficient in the arts, spread half across Europe. At only one remove away there is his father Iona Ustinov, known as Klop, a writer with a zest for life and an unfair ration of social charm, a deserved reputation for cooking and conversation, known at one time to have been a practising exponent of Russian Roulette; and his mother is Nadia Benois, the painter and scenic designer, a Demeter-figure who radiates a liberal good sense and sweetness of disposition, and has always been his steadfast friend and supporter. His great-uncle is the venerable Benois himself, once Diaghilev's artistic mentor.

He left Westminster at 16, having expertly perfected imitations of all the staff, academically undistinguished and certainly lacking in team-spirit, to pursue his own path in the theatre. His training at the London Theatre studio was not unstormy—no one seems to have been particularly successful in instructing the unbiddable boy according to accepted methods; and from then on his career opened up into public property, taking in all activities, both films and theatre, and a large chunk of War, when he was at one time batman to David Niven and was given special leave for *The Way Ahead*.

There is nothing in his temperament of the volatile public indulgence in melancholy which the English often take to be typically Russian. Some even believe (and quake to think) that his whole life is one brilliantly funny story without end, epigram crowded upon paradox, an infinite pyrotechnic display. This is not the truth, though it is the hardest thing in the world to make him talk about himself except in relation to some odd chance turn of events or unexpected encounter. There is a marked personal reticence about him that can be baffling and, in retrospect, awe-inspiring. He is rarely to be caught confessing to low spirits or to so much as a cold in the head, never seems anxious or oppressed by commitments, and he is not one for prolonged introspective self-analysis. Even his closest friends seem to know him so well and no further, and this may have something to do with the fact that many people, while admiring the dazzle of the quick wits and loving the equable, apparently extrovert, unselfconscious harmony of his public personality, nevertheless never found themselves wholly at ease in his presence.

In spite of the fact that we forgive most things to the man that makes us laugh, Ustinov is inclined to leave behind an almost imperceptible wake of slightly disgruntled colleagues who have read half-promises of work into unguarded words,



MONEY AT WORK IN BRITISH INDUSTRY

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and have never had the promise either confirmed or denied. The comic needs friendly faces, and one suspects that his weakness (more Celtic than Slav) is the habit-forming stimulant of universal popularity: though he presents to the outside world the friendly but not-over-eager front of a fully occupied, fully engaged character, independent, affectionately pleased to see his friends but not desperate for their love or their society.

His greatest function is of course that of unpaid, unlicensed court jester. The public will never see the cream of his great gifts of mimicry, which need the context of the small dinner-party or the saloon bar—though perhaps his radio series with Peter Jones, *In All Directions*, caught something of this bizarre, unnatural genius. Multilingual, with an ear as delicate as a cat's whisker, and, one presumes, a construction of speaking organs that would be a collector's piece to the speech scientists, he will occupy a long car journey by an uncannily accurate pastiche of opera or folk-song from any language, any country, in nonsense-words so near to their original as to sound wholly convincing, sung in voice that accommodatingly reproduces soprano, alto, baritone, bass, 'cello, oboe, harp, tongs, bones and applause, separately or all at once.

He is the most generous admirer of work done by his colleagues, and, unlike the run of actors, appears to care little for green-room gossip, the rise and fall of reputations both professional and domestic, or for parochial bickering. His conversation is unconcerned with the making and marring of characters. It is rather a convoluted, epic anecdote, a contemporary baroque saga told in multi-character with appropriate action, for he is a great traveller and a catalyst for strange and wonderfull events. He is the man round whom things happen, and in his person you can hear and watch Hollywood moguls, captains of industry, Spanish bullfighters, gypsy dancers, French diplomats and Italian opera singers live and have their being.

Just as the didactic moralist hovers behind every sentence he writes, so there is also something in this nature of the Puritan, despite the flamboyant waistcoats and the evident pleasure in the rewards of success. Such prolific activity demands both unusual vitality and corresponding control, and his governed, measured existence permits of no excesses other than success. This is no roaring boy or hard-living headline-catcher. In his splendidly proportioned, understated and beautiful Queen Anne house in the King's Road, his remarkable collection of paintings and drawings, his fitted carpets and his panelled walls strike the eye with pleasure, yet he spends most of his time in the crammed studio at the back of the house—Ellen Terry worked in it—in a welter of books, gramophone records, piano scores, manuscripts, designs, and piles of paper. Here also live piano, telephone, tape-recorder, radiogram, typewriter, and TV—the working tools in his all-purpose factory. He lives in unabashed comfort, with none of the romantic gestures and beds of nails of Bohemia or Grub Street, nor is he dominated by the discipline of a crowded appointments book or working schedule; yet one fancies that though he relishes and understands good food and drink he is sometimes absent-minded about them.

His obsessions are many, apart from the routine writing of plays (often three going at once, in exercise books), film-scripts, novels, political articles, acting, directing, producing. He passionately loves cars (at present, a deeply humming Lagonda and a bright little button of a red Jowett Jupiter, in which he looks rather a large fit. Recently there was also a bullet-proof Mercedes of Goebbels vintage that held the road like a trans-continental express-train). Music, daily events, politics (he was once asked to stand as a Liberal candidate) and studying and collecting pictures are true passions in his life. He reads in many languages with catholic taste and enormous appetite, and has the addict's passion for vast quantities of newspapers and magazines, home-grown and foreign. He is roused to immoderate anger by bloodthirsy judges, the cruder manifestations of materialist society, and such slavish idolatry as that of Siamese cats. He touches many worlds. His invitations range from P.E.N. conferences, Liberal platforms and Press luncheons, to foreign Embassy parties; his acquaintances are wide and his close friends very few. Bevin used to make particular efforts to reach any party at which Ustinov was known to be present, and would ring him after exhausting Foreign Office conferences to say "Come round and make me laugh."

Deeply generous in humanity, as in his prodigality of gifts, his professional faults are correspondingly liberal. He is self-indulgent on a vast scale—as an actor he will add minutes to the playing-time while he perfects a sudden inspiration of mime, and as a writer he has never been able to resist cramming six plots into one play, ten ideas into a speech dramatically able to stand three. He is a contemporary Ben Jonson in form and inclination, without Jonson's attributed regard for blotting lines. He ruffles our complacency, even when we know his methods are often his own worst enemy. His successes, like his failures, are unpredictable—who will ever know why *No Sign of the Dove* was such a complete failure in London, when *The Love of Four Colonels* has been cheered in almost every capital city in the world?

His dozen or so plays are his most important creation, since as theatrical producer, film writer and director his lack of experience, plus his pioneering disregard for technicalities, have so far imposed their own limitations—though not all the technical amateurism rampant in *Private Angelo* could blur that film's highly personal charm in the eyes of its partisans. The themes and characters he loves are lost causes, crypto-saints, hypocrites and chancers, pompous poseurs, men of power and scapegoats, paradoxical situations, misunderstood and subtle individualists like Cesare Borgia. Nothing he has written has yet matched conception with execution—and heaven knows this to be a noble shortcoming. To date he has established many ideas, and some heroes, but not yet a heroine. As an actor, he has considerable presence and can, surprisingly, project a strange chill horror—as in *Frenzy*. He is most to be relished, however, at his hammiest, leering through an emerald as Nero and clowning outrageously in *The Love of Four Colonels*. As we watch his perilous exploits of mime and terrible facial contortions, we love him for the dangers he has passed to entertain us—as when he submitted to singing lessons at the Rome Opera House for Nero and ran the gauntlet of jealous waiting tenors who suspected in him a rival Samson.

The Englishness of his nature is revealed in the fact that, constantly and devotedly as he travels, he always comes back. He is one of the few Englishmen-by-upbringing whose foreignness flourishes in our sad air, and the only personality to whom the correct English, while congratulating themselves on being so daring, like to shout "Etonnez-nous!" in the wild French manner: adding "Whatever will he be up to next?" under their delightfully shocked Anglo-Saxon breaths.

Books in General

To Western Europeans the personality of Turgenev has always been sympathetic. He was saturated in Europe without, as it seems to us, losing anything essential of his Russian character. He was civilised, tolerant and humane, deeply informed by Western culture; it nourished him whereas all the other Russians were sooner or later repelled. Flaubert and Henry James have set down their delight in his affection and brilliant conversation; he became the first, no doubt inadequate, but important interpreter of Russia to the outside world—the kind of Russia the West wanted to believe in. He was a ruthless wit. He was a gentleman, but he was also the classical figure of the artist, though not the æsthete, a master of suggestion and sensuous delineation in his writing about nature, in his description of youth and love, and of precision in his political subjects. Many Russians have agreed with this general view, but some have not. Tolstoy, always energetic, jealous and egotistical, thought him "insincere," and "cynical"; Dostoevsky, from his pit of envies and shames, thought him "affected," "a lackey" and caricatured him in *The Possessed*. A leader of the liberal-minded, Turgenev was extolled for his writing in favour of the liberation of the serfs in *A Sportsman's Sketches*, and then denounced for his portrait of Bazarov in *Father and Sons* and for calling the revolutionaries "nihilists." They were glad to adopt the name within a decade. But chiefly the hostile judgment speaks of Turgenev's aristocratic ineffectualness, his weakness of will, his malicious femininity, and of that disdainful detachment and irritability which undermine the exile. He lived in Europe—people said—like one hypnotised. The expatriate is never forgiven.

A wiser judgment of longer reach on the effects of exile upon Turgenev and his work will be found in Prince Mirsky's *History of Russian Literature*, where he points out that Turgenev's gifts did not decline, but rather stood still at the point when they might have been expected to develop. Exile creates fixation. It had the effect of making him go back to the Russia of his childhood for his material. He failed to grow and perhaps he had knowledge of some inner reason when he made the famous remark that at 35, life was over. If we turn to Mr. Magarshack's new biography*, we shall also find a more positive, less negligent figure than is commonly portrayed. It is a thorough book but the trouble is that, although Mr. Magarshack has some new material, he does not do very much with it. Careful and industrious, convinced that Turgenev was "the greatest European of his time," Mr. Magarshack is unimaginative and unenlivening in the interpretation of his facts; he trudges the chronological road; and has nothing new to say about the works. An earlier Russo-American life by Abram Yarmolinsky (Hodder and Stoughton, 1926), though occasionally jaunty and ironical in tone, is nevertheless more perceptive about important things like Turgenev's relationships with Natalya Bakunin, with Dostoevsky and with Pauline Viardot. The character of the latter, who after all was the centre of Turgenev's life, is coldly drawn by Mr. Magarshack, who is far too hostile to her. On the other hand, Mr. Magarshack does note the tenacity and inner strength which are created in characters which have been broken in childhood, as Turgenev's was. Turgenev preached and retained the independence of the artist, he stuck without flinching to his rationalism—though, like many rationalists, he played with magic—and was never at the mercy of the changes of his time. He held his ground with dignity. One could say that the awful scenes of his despotic home both broke him and hardened him for ever. His will, he explained, had been destroyed by his barbarous and unhappy mother who conducted her household as if it were some savage Tartar court —but, he added, "rags are strong."

Stories of Turgenev's weakness are innumerable. Not surprisingly, he was a hypochondriac; he had a life-long terror of cholera. An odd fact that comes out is that his skull was very thin at the top of his head. The voice of the huge, bear-like man was shrill and often frenzied. He was immediately and vociferously at the mercy of his feelings. The famous quarrel with Tolstoy sprang, comically, madly, almost out of nothing. Flaubert once called him "a sleepy pear." Turgenev knew he was not born to act or command. There is the tale of the shipwreck in the Baltic where he was said to have got into an appalling panic; a friend reported that once his valet and coachman stopped his carriage to play a game of cards while the master was too weak to tell them to drive on. But if his mother's ruthlessness had injured his private character, he never yielded an inch of his convictions. In the question of the liberation of the serfs, for example, Turgenev certainly wrote to command; he differed firmly with Tolstoy and the other great landowners who wished, at that time, to retain the old system because it paid them—though, as Mr. Magarshack rightly says, Tolstoy eventually saw that mere reform on Turgenev's model was really playing with the Russian malady. Turgenev's political perspicacity was short-term and was specially based on the study of people, not of ideas; his ideas were close to Herzen's. He was the first, for example, to detect the emergence of the new type of woman revolutionary and made himself unpopular by saying that the revolution would not occur until the turn of the century. Detached observation of this kind displeases people who are burning confusedly for action.

Still, conviction with Turgenev was of the illusionless, undynamic kind. "Truth" or "reality" were thought of as fixed and still; the world was reflected in a mirror that did not move. There may be probity and firmness in the hand that holds the mirror, but the figures that are reflected there will, after all, quickly pass beyond it and, in the end, the exact and melancholy glass really describes nothing but its own stillness. Turgenev saw life as something that was over; he was continually marking and saying farewell to the minutes of his life and the lives of his characters. Or, perhaps, the mirror is not quite the right metaphor. The decisive hand of Turgenev is not holding a mirror, but a gun. He is the sportsman wandering through the coppices of Orel, in the still mornings he has described, noting every movement of the trees, marking his bird. He is seeking the moment when the defining shot will ring out and arrest the movement of the world for a few crystalline and decisive seconds. No eye or mind more definite, more concentrated on the object, more made up. If Turgenev's character was formed by his fantastic mother, it was also formed by the solitude which her reign of terror obliged him to seek, and it is the great seduction and consolation of solitude that, in it, at last, the world does not move or act or plunge. In Turgenev, this escape into a world that had stopped was the spiritual source of his beliefs and his genius, the cause of his delight but also of his increasing pessimism and despair.

The biographers who have turned to Turgenev's relations with Pauline Viardot and to his many other love affairs, have usually treated them as examples of romantic comedy. Except with her he was an evasive lover. It is obvious that, in his love for Pauline Viardot, Turgenev recreated his mother's tyranny, but in more civilised circumstances. He exchanged the wild Tartar for the conventional Spanish gypsy.

> Love [he wrote in *A Correspondence*] is not even a feeling. It is a disease . . . like fever or cholera. . . . There is no equality in love, there is none of the so-called free union of souls and other idealist clap trap. . . . In love one partner is a slave and the other an absolute master. Yes love is a chain, the heaviest chain of all.

He warned artists against marriage and permanent attachments to women, complained that he was not married to Mme Viardot, and yet was absolutely tied to her. He was inclined to fall in love with whole families; he sought a circle. He enjoyed such a circle at home with the Viardots and perhaps his frustration did not arise from Pauline Viardot's coldness, decorum and cruelty but from the fact that she was an artist and as elusive as he was. She was ceaselessly bent on a career. But, formal, respectable, industrious, masterful in the Spanish manner, Mme Viardot was also the sullen and primitive gypsy and for Turgenev love was punishment. When everything has been said about Mme Viardot's gloomy, bourgeois militancy, one has to note that the son of a barbarous Russian chose to fall in love with a Spanish barbarian whose voice, as Heine said, suggested Africa and lions. The attraction must, at some time, have been equal and primitive.

Mr. Magarshack, as I have said, is hostile to Mme Viardot, but he does not suggest, as some observers did, that Turgenev's relations with her were platonic. Those who held this opinion have argued that Turgenev loved as a sentimentalist, and that this enabled him to indulge his chief need: the need for self-pity and that sense of frustration which is so consoling to those who wish to justify the failure to act. How eloquent and delicate his despair often is, but also how intolerable it becomes. For here we have a rich and famous man, living happily among friends, devoted to the husband of his mistress—Turgenev used often to be thought his son—to the children, to all her relations, even to the cats; who is allowed to come and go, who has love affairs, whose friends are the great figures of his day, who has the gift of intimacy,

* *Turgenev*. By DAVID MAGARSHACK. *Faber*. 25s.

and who has very few troubles except the gout and the visitations of hypochondria. Yet life is always "over," the heart is "dead as a stone," he is "a beleaguered fortress," a woman has "her foot on his neck"—and yet at 61 he is having a very flattering and tender love affair with an actress of 21. Why was life over at 50? It had been over at 35. One begins to suspect this is a manifesto of sentimental Byronism, the announcement of a programme of self-pity in preparation for a career of farewells. The story of personal slavery, of the serf who does not want his freedom, is a complex one. Perhaps the cool, industrious, practical, exploiting, busy Mme Viardot, who read all his work, who was clever enough to learn Russian, was not a smug woman acting the part of the possessive widow, but simply stated the truth when she said the world ought to be grateful to her for making Turgenev work and seeing that he did it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THERE

Because the truth of solitude
Was more than we could bear,
We used the mystery of love
To soothe our need and care ;
And garnered from both night and day
Those fruits which pleased us most,
But what has been sweet nourishment
Now poisons the new ghost.
For bed nor breast's a resting place
That must not be outgrown,
And he who holds his love too long
Lies with a naked stone.

To our old fields for pasturing,
Half shamed, we still return
Because the hunger's proper food
Is difficult to learn.
Last night within a bracken wood
We let our garments fall ;
Within that glade, two bodies made
No unison at all.
We had outgrown such meeting place,
But, oh, I would be there
When each one meets the other one
Beyond his need and care.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

ARDGOUR

Night covers the mountain :
each barebone crag
whitens beneath the moon.
Cold, colourless, piercing
the falling air
a crystal water streams
steeped in bog-myrtle sweetness
dark in the mountain shadow :
and westward still the restless waters
salted, tide-turning
tumble their foam on the shore.

Ridge-high, night-riding, the antlered deer
strike windward against Orion :
stride scattering silver
on black peat water,
snuffing the midnight scent
of morning,
tossing tall crowns in the air.

High over the running
five planets burn
silent beyond the moon :
each in one marvelling moment will turn
to deepness, sweetness in
echoing heaven
of quivering carolling sound :
and stilled on the hillside
fear-footed and snorting
a stag will dip branches to eastward
not knowing.

ANN FABER

AMERICAN LIBERAL

The Age of Suspicion. By JAMES A. WECHSLER. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

Mr. Wechsler, now Editor of the *New York Post*, left the Young Communist League in December 1937, when he was twenty-two. Since then, after serving his apprenticeship on the *Nation* and *PM*, he has become one of the most pugnacious spokesmen of American liberalism and a fervent anti-Communist. After Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine returned from their European tour last year, however, Mr. Wechsler was suddenly haled before Senator McCarthy—the formal excuse being that one of his books had been found on the shelves of American libraries overseas. The real reason, as Mr. Wechsler forcefully pointed out, was that his newspaper had directed a sustained and damaging campaign against Joe McCarthy. He had, he added, been equally hostile to Joe Stalin and the Communists for the past sixteen years, and he cited as proof both his own writings and the bitter attacks made on him in the Communist press. What followed was pure fantasy. Could Mr. Wechsler prove, the Senator suavely asked, that he was not in fact an under-cover Communist? Might not his own anti-Communism and the denunciations by the Communists be a mere screen for his important subversive mission, namely, to discredit McCarthy?

The last part of Mr. Wechsler's book is a full account of this now celebrated tussle : McCarthy's nightmare logic is chopped to the last comma. It also contains Mr. Wechsler's elaborate defence of his own decision to present McCarthy with a list of his former Y.C.L. comrades. This, he says, was the price McCarthy exacted for publication of an accurate record of what would otherwise have been private hearings : anxious to secure publicity for McCarthy's attempt "to silence independent newspaper criticism," Mr. Wechsler finally gave way. He could, he has written, "have found numerous legal grounds for refusing to aswer. . . . I knew McCarthy could successfully twist my silence to his own advantage." And so Mr. Wechsler could find no clear issue of right or wrong; he could only weigh "rival expediencies."

> It was wrong to expose others to McCarthy's wickedness, but it was equally wrong, in my judgment, to embrace the principle that a former Communist should tell nothing to anybody.

Those who read Mr. Wechsler's persuasive book will soon discover why he regarded this decision as a matter of expediency and not of conscience. Ever since he left the Y.C.L. he has been fighting Communists : he has been convinced that the American C.P. is a conspiratorial menace, and that liberals who work with or defend Communists are "simple-minded souls who have never seriously recognised the world Communist threat to freedom as comparable to the Nazi assault." Though he deplores and opposes the extremism of the witch-hunters, he feels that a "liberal" who fails to be as passionate an anti-Communist as a "progressive" was anti-Nazi before the war is either a fellow-traveller or a dupe. The "real test of liberal nerve," he writes, is "our ability to wage a two-front battle against the reactionaries and the Communists."

In practice, this means that when Mr. Wechsler is fighting for a liberal cause, he has to avoid capture by the Communists; when the Communists are the enemy, he must not be part of the witch-hunters' posse. The question that this book provokes, however, is whether Mr. Wechsler is so obsessed by the need to keep his nerve that he has lost his sense of judgment. I think that he grossly exaggerates the importance of the American Communists, just because he has spent his adult life in tactical struggles with them, and that he consistently minimises the danger to American democracy from the Right. American liberals, in my view, have far less to fear from the isolated and disrupted Communist Party than from McCarthy and all he stands for.

This excessive concern with domestic Communism also distorts Mr. Wechsler's view of the world. He, and the many liberals who think like him, is convinced that Russia is not only a slave State, but is inherently aggressive. He therefore supports a "tough" foreign policy. He may quarrel with Mr. Dulles on matters of detail; he may dislike agreements with Franco and eulogy of Chiang Kai-shek. But, he believes, what the U.S. has tried to do since 1946 is what should have been done against Hitler before 1939.

The result is that Mr. Wechsler cannot understand why many Europeans, including Socialists who have been as anti-Communist as he, or as critical of Soviet policy, should have grave misgivings about American attitudes in the Cold War, or about the drift of events inside the United States. Such people, he argues, have a double moral standard : they will happily denounce the U.S. for actions far less offensive than those which they condone on the part of the U.S.S.R. They have not yet, Mr. Wechsler insists, faced the truth about Russia.

On this I think that Mr. Wechsler is wrong, though he will not see why he is wrong until someone in Europe, who believes that American policy towards Russia is based on false assumptions, writes a book that is as forceful as his own testament. Until then, he will continue to resent and misrepresent criticism as "anti-Americanism." His own book, apart from the fact that it is a most readable autobiography, has one great merit that makes it essential reading for Socialists here. Once they have heard Mr. Wechsler's case, they will no longer be puzzled or dismayed by the attitude of the "anti-Communist" American liberals. If we are to go on arguing, it is as well to have a clear idea of what we are arguing about.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

INSTIGATIONS TO PROCEDURES

The Literary Essays of Ezra Pound. Edited and introduced by T. S. ELIOT. *Faber.* 30*s.*

"Heaven save us," Pound protested, "procedures are already erected into Rules!" That was in 1934. Faced with Binyon's translation of the Inferno, Pound realised that his own earlier polemics would lead the earnest Poundian of that day to dismiss Binyon just because he used inversions. Now the Poundians are more numerous and influential, and the erection of procedure into rule has gone on ever since. Because of this one reflects gloomily that this re-issue of many of Pound's critical articles will do more harm than good. For Pound was right when he called one of his critical volumes, *Instigations*. Instigations to experiment with, or at any rate to examine, some novel or neglected procedure—that is the most accurate as it is the most charitable description of most of the things reprinted here. Pound hardly ever even offers to give considered literary judgments. Give the Poundians some credit—some of them have done what the master directed and read, perhaps, Gavin Douglas's *Aeneid*; and it is they presumably who have reprinted Ernest Fenollosa's treatise of poetics. But far more often they have erected procedure into rule, until now there is a Poundian canon as there is a Leavisite canon, of authors made sacrosanct by the master's approval and so no longer questioned. How many of Pound's admirers, for instance, really *read* Landor, who reappears so continually in their pantheon? Yet no one can deny that Pound is fallible—Leavis is consistent by his lights, but Pound is quite unreliable, not just in matters of fact, but precisely in matters of judgment. There are here judgments, on Shelley in the otherwise just and still timely essay, *The Serious Artist*, and on Wordsworth in some scrappy pages on Crabbe, at which one can only boggle, open-mouthed.

The question arises whether in 1917 the situation was so desperate as to justify such questionable tactics. For to dismiss Wordsworth in a couple of sentences presumably without reading him is, it must be admitted, rather steep. Yet perhaps by 1917 the battle was already half won—Mr. Eliot puts the blackest hour some years earlier, when he writes with a shudder, "the situation of poetry in 1909 or 1910 was stagnant to a degree difficult for any young poet of today to

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imagine." And even more remarkable, perhaps, than the stagnation inside poetry itself, was the blankness of the stare which British and American society directed upon its poetry and its poets. Perhaps it really was a situation in which no holds could be barred. From this point of view the most interesting thing in this volume, as also one of the most carefully written, is an essay, new to me, called *The Renaissance.* The renaissance of the title is the American renaissance that Pound looks forward to; and it prompts the unfamiliar sensation of counting one's many blessings. For it is remarkable how many matters of sheer social engineering that Pound desiderates if there is to be real cultural awakening, have, in the years since 1914, been settled more or less in the way he asks for. Heaven knows there is no room for complacency, but one cannot blink the fact, for instance, that in the U.S. certainly and to some degree in Britain, there has been since Pound wrote a radical change in respect of patronage, official and semi-official, and a recognition that, for instance, poets, young scholars, and literary magazines have a right to such patronage. Nobody needs to be told that the institution of schemes of patronage raises new and urgent problems and dangers. Still the gain is a real one, we owe it to Pound as much as to anyone, and we owe it to him, when we review his past polemics, to remember the different and worse situation in which he conducted his early momentous and somewhat disreputable campaigns.

If I give the impression of making excuses for Pound, I cannot help it. He really needs all the allowances that can be made for him; and I'm not sure that he deserves them all, that the essay on *Swinburne versus his Biographers,* for instance, can be excused on any terms. On the other hand there are of course more substantial and ambitious pieces such as the essays on Cavalcanti and on Henry James, which are a different matter altogether. The Cavalcanti essay is very important. As for the scholarship in it, I am in no position to judge; and I dearly wish some specialist in medieval Italian would give me a ruling on it. For a great deal hinges on it—and not just for Pound. The early pages of this essay are as carefully written as anything in Pound; they are earnest and eloquent, and they attempt to define a mode of experience now lost. The parallel is with Eliot's essays on the metaphysical poets, and I find it odd that "dissociation of sensibility" has been argued over so much and on the whole accepted so enthusiastically, while the more radical dissociation that Pound claims to find some centuries earlier is never seriously considered. Chaucerians ought to have something to say about this too. Instead, all we get by way of comment on the Cavalcanti essay, which appears to represent more sustained effort by Pound than any other single item of his prose criticism, is the occasional weaving together by young poets of diffuse and mellifluous "canzones."

And this brings us to another of the disquieting things about Pound's criticism and its influence. "Procedure" is his word for what interests him most in poetry of the past; but that begs some questions. For sometimes "procedure" in Pound's writing seems to mean what is still sometimes referred to as "technique," where an interest in poetic technique means knowing the different rhyme-schemes of the true Petrarchan, the Spenserian and the Shakespearean sonnet. Sometimes "procedure" seems to mean for Pound something every bit as mechanical as that, as external and as remote from any questions of poetic meaning.

It is easy to rig the evidence. It is not hard to find judgments (*e.g.,* on the choice between *vers libre* and regularity) which deserve to hang as framed texts over any poet's bed. And in return for services rendered, it would be graceful to concentrate on these. But how far should one go in giving the benefit of the doubt?

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LOVE IN AN OLD CLIMATE

Madame de Pompadour. By NANCY MITFORD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson was born in Paris of rich, bourgeois parentage in 1721. At the age of nine a fortune-teller told her that she would become the King's mistress, and her family took to calling her Reinette—the little queen. At the age of 24 she fulfilled that prediction. For the next 19 years she reigned over the Court of France by the side of Louis XV, a queen in all but title. When she died comparatively young in 1764 she was universally regretted for a moment; even the King shed a few tears. And the next moment she was forgotten. "It is as if she had never existed," wrote the real Queen, who had reason to sympathise with the mistress. Such was life at Versailles in mid-eighteenth century, where frivolity was paramount, and a heartless King imposed his will on an equally heartless nobility. Only the artists and writers had genuine cause to mourn for the loss of their patroness. "*Elle était des nôtres,*" wrote Voltaire to D'Alembert after her death; and that perhaps is Madame de Pompadour's most appropriate epitaph. For she too could claim to have practised one of the most difficult of the arts; she was a consummate natural actress. Day and night over a period of 19 years she had successfully played the part of "King's mistress" before the most critical audience in the world, and never fluffed a line.

Some of the essential stage business went very much against the grain. In Miss Mitford's words Louis XV had the "terrible temperament" of the Bourbons, which is a polite way of saying that he could never have a surfeit of sexual intercourse. Poor Madame de Pompadour, lovely, affectionate and eager to please, had the terrible temperament of the Poisson tribe: she was as cold as a fish. And none of the aphrodisiacs to which she had recourse could remedy her deplorable condition. Yet she pegged away at her role without flinching, until the Parc aux Cerfs eased the strain on her anatomy and allowed her to switch her relations with the King to the less onerous occupation of politics. (She had carefully studied her predecessors in the part. *Exit* Madame de Montespan; *enter* Madame de Maintenon.) Unfortunately for France her head was no better equipped for affairs of state than her body for those of love. If her influence over Louis XV was as dominant as is suggested, she can be held responsible for the disastrous Austrian alliance, the follies of the Seven Years' War and the feeble, subservient Ministers who obtained office through her good graces.

The glossy ambience of Versailles in Madame de Pompadour's day, redolent of elegance and etiquette, with its closed shop of *noblesse* arranged in order of precedence, all talking their private language, like Wykehamists with their "notions," and revolving like white mice in a gilded cage, is a subject exactly suited to Miss Mitford, whose gay mockery has hitherto been directed at the foibles and futilities of her own generation. As one might foresee, this is not one of our solemn, heavy-footed biographies; but neither is it in any degree a flight of fancy. The portrait of Madame de Pompadour is lively and sympathetic, yet based on truth. Every conversation and statement can be vouched for by reference to contemporary documents. Apart from Miss Mitford's special interests in the fun and fashion department, one may admire most her power to condense and explain the most complicated events. For instance, the triangular struggle between Louis XV, the clergy and the *parlements* is reduced to its essentials in the minimum of space and with the maximum of clarity. Above all, the smoothness of narrative is impeccable. In Miss Mitford's hands the intricate career of Madame de Pompadour is reduced to the childish simplicity of a fairy story.

Miss Mitford's style, however, cannot escape criticism. The book is intended to be popular and will undoubtedly achieve its end. (If the theme came to Miss Mitford ready-made, her artful use of the materials is custom-built for the Book Society, who have lapped it up.) But the informality, or possibly the condescension, of the prose is occasionally staggering. Naturally, the original French is translated, and it is assumed that no reader has any previous acquaintance with the language or the subject. But need the colloquialism be aimed at television level? Some of her syntax as well as many of her locutions can only be described—to follow in her wake—as of a Gallic singularity.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A GREAT COLLECTOR

The Courtauld Collection. Catalogue and Introduction by DOUGLAS COOPER: Memoir of Samuel Courtauld by ANTHONY BLUNT. *Athlone Press.* 84*s.*

Professor Blunt tells us that Courtauld's favourites among the Old Masters were Correggio, Bellini, Titian and Rembrandt: artists, that is to say, who can get along without explanations, so vividly do they mirror common sensations. Rubens and Watteau one can well imagine being added to this list but never Piero, nor Raphael, nor Vermeer, nor a Florentine. The problematic, the classical, the contrived held less interest for him than the sensuous, the *malerisch.* It is instructive to turn the pages of reproductions of Old Masters he collected, to see how they echo, in a minor key, his acquisition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings: a Veronese sketch; female portraits by Lely and Gainsborough; female nudes by Boucher and from the workshop of Rubens; admittedly a Florentine *Madonna,* but an almost pretty International Gothic, not a classical, picture; nothing, in fact, that could remotely be described as significant form. In the same way only some of his modern pictures would have been approved of by Bloomsbury critics when they were first bought.

In this sense Courtauld was the antithesis of Roger Fry, who only came to respect Rembrandt

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and the Impressionists at the close of his life, who always had to check his mistrust of anything savouring of too direct a reflection of life, who had theories of art to be loyal to as well as irrational æsthetic impulses, who made Piero a god. At a time when Courtauld was acquiring the finest Van Goghs on the market, Fry was maintaining that Van Gogh, whom we now refer to unselfconsciously in the same breath with Rembrandt, was overrated. And in those cases where the two men were united in admiration of the same artist—Cézanne is the obvious example—one senses that they were edging up to one another from opposite directions, agreeing on the subject of their enthusiasm but never on the causes for it. It is a tribute to Cézanne's universality, to his power to transform vision into two-dimensional design without loss of intensity or directness, that men with such different approaches to art could both surrender so wholeheartedly to him.

Funnily enough the most intellectual of all great modern artists, Seurat, became a household word in this country more as a result of the efforts of Courtauld (who bought no less than twelve of his pictures) than those of Fry. People are too complicated lamely to keep to the pigeonholes one likes to construct for them. But a possible explanation is that Seurat's technical innovations at first hid from Fry his genius as a designer—the quality which would have made Fry proclaim Seurat as a master, had he perceived it—whereas it was comparatively easy to understand that Seurat's technique helped to express an intense apprehension of contemporary life—the quality Courtauld esteemed in painting. However, Fry later wrote generously about Seurat to make up for his mistake.

The greater part of the collection was formed in the 1920s and early 1930s when Courtauld was well on in middle-age, with secure likes and dislikes. Luckily for us he had reached an age when he could pay more attention to his own reactions than to shaky contemporary taste. His object was not to acquire a representative collection but simply to possess whatever he thought good enough; and as far as we, with our helpful wisdom after the event, can judge, he bought the best. It is pointless to complain that such and such an artist is missing, or that the collection was not extended to include the Cubists. Courtauld had no real feeling for later developments than Post-Impressionism, but within the limits of a style he assimilated, his judgments have so far proved sound. One has no right to demand more of a collector than this.

Here, then, we have the catalogue, according to Professor Blunt, of "all the pictures, sculpture, drawings and engravings which either belonged to Courtauld at the time of his death, or had come into public ownership through his generosity." It is a model publication. The ninety pages of plates are of unusually high quality. Mr. Cooper's catalogue, as one would expect from so scrupulous a scholar, is exemplary. His introductory essay on the artistic relations, or failure of relations, between England and France from the arrival of Whistler onwards, goes, of course, into far greater detail than is strictly necessary for an understanding of Courtauld's historical position. This is no criticism of a contribution which will be used as long as art history remains a subject.

So fascinating (and so lamentable) is the story Mr. Cooper tells, and so brilliantly does he tell it, that like a conscientious dentist confronted with a row of sound teeth, one probes around in vain for some hole to pick. Mr. Cooper's international outlook serves him extremely well, when dealing with a situation which others, tied to one country, could only get to understand after considerable intellectual efforts, at the sacrifice of prejudices. However, now and then his distaste for British art and art critics is allowed to rear its head above the objective narrative. He may, for example, well prove correct in maintaining that the Impressionists' debt to Constable and Turner has been exaggerated, but his interesting passage dealing with this subject has an element of special pleading. The crux of the problem, which Mr. Cooper does not really go into, turns surely on the *type* (whether sketch as well as finished composition) of English landscapes available to the Impressionists in 1870. And, again, he is a little ungenerous to a great man, Roger Fry, not so much by what he says but by what he omits to say, in Fry's favour. It is true that the Post-Impressionist exhibitions were amateurish, and gave a misleading impression of the contemporary situation; but history will, I believe, give Fry more credit than Mr. Cooper does for his pioneering work in the field of modern art. Courtauld could have never built up such a splendid collection if it had not been for this heroic, if clumsy, spadework.

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North from Malaya. By W. O. DOUGLAS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Men Against the Jungle. By RITCHIE CALDER. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Far Eastern Agent. By DONALD MOORE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

Distinguished in America for his liberal views and his outspokenness on domestic issues, Justice Douglas of the United States Supreme Court is just as independent when he describes his adventures on five fronts in Asia; Malaya, the Philippines, Viet Nam, Burma and the Formosan-Korean front. *North from Malaya* is not the record of a V.I.P.'s tour, nor a description of Asia's "teeming millions" seen from palaces and colonial residences, but a political report, interestingly written and topical.

Justice Douglas is no Communist. Indeed, he believes that the "active fighting fronts in Asia today are Russia's fronts," that without Moscow's leadership, these wars "would be reduced to local affairs, easily managed." At the same time he fully recognises the force of nationalism. In Indo-China he describes the French bureaucracy as "the symbol of special privilege," the French police as "the symbol of terror" and the Frenchman the "symbol of exploitation." In Malaya he realised that the clue to a solution does not lie in military campaigns, nor in the hands of "big business" whether British, American or Chinese, but in the builders of trade unions, in schools and in rural industries. His chapter on "Burma and the Counter-revolution" is based on a genuine understanding of the Burmese way of life and why any denial of independence on the part of Britain would have been "as idle as an effort to stop a roaring express train with a raised hand." Burma, he concludes, "offers a democratic, not a Communist, answer to the problems of feudal Asia", and the reason for this he attributes to the influence of Buddhism.

Much too little importance is attached to the role America plays in underpinning French rule in Indo-China. But when Justice Douglas writes about Korea and Formosa, he unhesitatingly condemns America's part in the decision of the United Nations to cross the 38th Parallel. He accepts Communist China "as a political reality, not a mere paper claim to a region"—which is all that Chiang Kai-shek's claim amounts to. He wants to see Peking recognised; he believes that recognition is the first step in trying to solve "the most important question of the age"—how to live with the new China. In this, the author of *North from Malaya* shows that he is one of those rare American visitors who squarely faces the fact that the people of this "explosive, turbulent, impatient" continent will not turn back "to feudal overlords, to conservative politicians, even to fine old men for leadership," but will follow "only the banners that have promise and hope."

Ritchie Calder, with his scientific knowledge, shows that the United Nations' Specialised Agencies have some part to play in this "promise and hope." *Men Against the Jungle* is a saga of the technical assistance which is enabling men and women with less technical development to help themselves. It dramatically achieves what all the Blue Books, White Papers and voluminous U.N. documents have failed to do; it brings to life this struggle of men and women in all the countries which lie between the tropical jungles of British Borneo and the remote mountain valleys of Afghanistan. Mr. Calder introduces us to the modern pioneers of Asia; to those men and women who see the need to marry science with traditional religion and culture, to inspire faith in penicillin among people who put their trust in witch doctors and "wise women," and to encourage more rational ideas in societies based on the assumption that unseen spirits and supernatural forces manipulate their destinies. We meet teachers and nurses, doctors and scientists who have won spectacular victories over such energetic and pervasive enemies as mosquitoes, plague and framboesia, and against ignorance—the greatest of them all. Ventures were many and varied and skilfully attuned to local needs and customs.

"Teach a man," Begum Liaquat Ali Khan said to Mr. Calder in Karachi, "and you teach one person. Teach a woman and you teach a whole family." The problem was less intractable than it sounds and in the most unexpected places women were already becoming partners in technical changes. Mr. Calder and his colleagues were often reminded of an unseen and uninvited member of their mission, the Reverend Thomas Robert Malthus. For in every country they were faced with the problem of whether production would keep pace with reproduction. The last chapter of *Men Against the Jungle* is an impassioned and effective reply to those who still believe that the millions of Asia must remain starved of the necessities of a healthy life till the crack of doom.

Justice Douglas and Ritchie Calder, each in his own manner, discovered and welcomed an awakening Asia. But *Far Eastern Agent*, covering much the same ground, is reminiscent of *Mother India*, whilst the numerous illustrations are little

more than doodlings, at best half-conscious caricatures of Henry Moore, Vicky and Dr. Fu Manchu. The *Diary of an Eastern Nobody*, as Donald Moore sub-titles his book, is a personal record of three months in 1952 when the author was representing English publishers. He met a variety of people, poor and wealthy, old-fashioned and modern, and his casual conversations with them are the main part of the book. They are always brightly written though many observations are superficial and written at random. For example, he describes Djakarta as lifeless, inert, grim, barren, silent and decaying where "there is no pleasure to be bought but that of riding in a *trisha* or utilising one of the few decrepit prostitutes." Bangkok presents a livelier picture; girls assaulted by tricycle riders, girls who run away from lustful step-fathers, girls raped by village head-men and a girl "made good" by a drunken Englishman although she can't keep the pace during his absence and ends in the canal. Granted that the traveller can find plenty of such human material in the mongrel capital cities of Asia, it is doubtful whether Mr. Moore's picture has any interpretative value. And many people from those cities, if they see *Far Eastern Agent*, will scarcely thank the author to whom their countrymen unknowingly provided light entertainment.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

EDUCATIONAL PANTECHNICON

The Teaching of Classics. Issued by the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Education in England. By W. P. ALEXANDER. *Newnes.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Intelligence Testing and the Comprehensive School. By BRIAN SIMON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Rural School. By W. KENNETH RICHMOND. *Redman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The boy Taplow in *The Browning Version* rang a bell when he asked Crocker-Harris how many of his pupils ever thought of the Agamemnon as the greatest play ever written. Yet even the teaching of the tired and disillusioned "Crock" had not altogether hidden from Taplow that here was greatness, even in translation. If education's purpose is the inculcation of the first-rate, in whatever medium it finds expression, then the classics are as valuable today as ever, because they contain a record of some of the best and noblest things said and done in the world. The varied experiments of Greece and Rome have moreover the advantage of completion, and the results are there to study. In an Introduction, which demonstrates in the distinction of its writing how familiarity with the Classics can influence grace of style, the compilers of this valuable book rightly make short shrift with those who argue that translations are an adequate substitute. The shadow cannot supply the substance.

This book makes no bones about the difficulty of languages, and claims that the disciplined thinking imposed "has its part to play in keeping the jungle back from civilisation." Even a short course of Latin provides

> successful purposive effort. . . . Narrow, therefore, and trivial as the activities brought into play may have been, from the point of view of character, if not culture, they are far more beneficial than an unco-ordinated flirtation with general courses that cannot lend themselves to the rigours of a serious examination.

Hard hitting indeed, but not too hard for an age which likes to walk the Lambeth way to education. Practising teachers may complain that the section on the teaching of Participles and Gerund-Gerundives is lacking in clarity, the section on Greek up to O level thin, and the treatment of Ancient History uneven, allusive and inadequate. But all those enlisted in the campaign to preserve a place for the classics in the schools will be encouraged by a book which is helpful, realistic and creditable to a profession which might be excused at present for thinking less about the content of curricula than about the salaries paid for teaching at all.

In writing about the working of the national system of education, Dr. Alexander had the foreign visitor in mind. But his book will be useful to his own countrymen when they read that the furthering of the L.C.C. plan depends upon the decision of the Minister of Education about the closing of a particular school, and when *The Times* writes, of the request to local authorities to use the salary pool for rewarding ability, "the Minister has no power of coercion in this matter." Where does power actually lie? In a useful and impartial account of things as they are, Dr. Alexander has done his best to explain current practices.

Mr. Simon's well-written book deserves respect and demands an answer from those who defend Intelligence Tests. He argues with some justification that selection takes place not at eleven but from the moment "streaming" is introduced in infant or junior school. Unless a child is placed in the A stream at six or seven, it is unlikely that a place in a grammar school will be attained. At eleven the pupil is faced with an intelligence test for which Mr. Simon denies any scientific validity, because the questions set are those which the examiner *thinks* test what he *thinks* is intelligence. Standards are therefore subjective. Furthermore, both at six and at eleven, the dice are loaded against the child from the poorer home. Of the questions set at eleven he says: "one might say that the information required for success depends directly upon social status." From a Communist viewpoint, Mr. Simon is stating a fact long recognised by educationalists—that the values and background of the child's home significantly condition response to education. Schools, however, cannot move beyond the society of which they are the expression, and national survival depends upon the training of the best minds available. Mr. Simon would persuade us that there is an untapped reservoir of ability in classes which allegedly have been denied appropriate education.

> The present selective and graded system of schools serves the needs of a class-divided society which is not able to utilise the abilities of all its citizens, and so dare not develop them to the full.

The intelligence test is rightly pilloried as the instrument which separates the sheep from the goats, if "there is a class relation between test results and social class," but wrongly if it is pretended that no selection by fairer means is necessary. When he argues, quoting the Russian Pavlov as his authority, that "all children, except in the case of serious physical defect, develop according to a certain fundamental pattern," and that the school's duty therefore is to find for the children "the common path to maturity," without segregation according to ability, he is unconvincing. It is easy enough to find a common path, less easy to produce from it uncommon men.

Mr. Richmond too has his legitimate grievance against "some of the selective procedures now in vogue" for the country child, who without much verbal skill is yet a master of what C. Day Lewis called "the received truth of the spade." In a scholarly and well-documented book, he has done a splendid job in concentrating attention on the problem of rural education. He argues that town and country schools are utterly unlike in needs and aspirations, that the differences in the ways of life are fundamental, and that the countryman's indifference to education was rooted in an intuitive wisdom which recognised that the literary pabulum offered was quite unsuited to his needs. Observant analysis of the invasion of country by town, of patronising commuters who play darts in the pub, of "the small sufficient wonders of the countryside", add considerably to the interest of the book. Without any starry-eyed sentimentality, Mr. Richmond pleads for the preservation of the village as a community where men can still live remote from those forces which, as Wordsworth put it in 1798, "blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor."

JOHN GARRETT

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THE SOUL IN PARAPHRASE

George Herbert. By MARGARET BOTTRALL. *Murray.* 15*s.*

Seventy years ago, when the cult of Donne was rare, George Herbert was a popular poet. One can prove this by looking through his nineteenth-century editions in a bookshop and buying for a few shillings one of the many reprints in type-facsimile of the first edition of *The Temple.* Herbert is, I think, the only poet who has had a large sale in the charming piety of a book as close to the original as possible. It is a mark of his extraordinary attractiveness that people wanted to come near to him in this way. The majority of his readers were, and perhaps still are, attracted because the man was a saint of the Church of England who wrote accurately about the Christian life—"a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my Soul, before I could submit mine to the will of *Jesus my Master.*" However, Mrs. Bottrall is surely wrong (as seldom elsewhere) in saying that people to whom the very idea of a church is inimical will not make much of George Herbert's poetry. This is to forget the well-known power of poetry to suspend disbelief. And Herbert's poetry stands close to modern sensibility in subject and form: he writes of the state of tension and the succession of moods (the "positively English" climate of the mind that Aldous Huxley noted) in lines filled with images, like "a box where sweets compacted lie." To this compression of meaning he brought an exquisite musical taste, and courtesy to devise a metre to suit the movement of each new poem.

For her biography Mrs. Bottrall does not go much beyond the familiar authorities—the inimitable *Life* of Izaac Walton and the touches by Oley, Ferrar, Donne, Aubrey and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. I am sure she is right in finding the truth in the traditional pattern: the elegant scholar who intended himself young for the priesthood, was seduced by "academic praise" into the Public Oratorship at Cambridge and then into aiming at worldly power in the court of James I; but was turned back by illness and by grace to become in the last three years of his life the saintly parson of Bemerton. Mrs. Bottrall is sometimes merely too brief: it was a pity to omit Herbert's witty flattery of King James, who had sent to Cambridge his *Opera Latina,* for it is coupled in courteous irony with a plea for genuine munificence.

Quid Vaticanam Bodleiumque objicis, Hospes?
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

"Don't tell us that Cambridge has no library like the Vatican or the Bodleian: our library is complete in this one book." Sometimes Mrs. Bottrall is too reticent: George Herbert's eldest brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "The Black Lord Edward," was much more outrageous than her paragraphs suggest: at his deathbed Archbishop Ussher was obliged to withhold the sacrament. Mr. Charles Keeley in a recent article has suggested that we may look for the origin of George Herbert's conflict in the tension set up between the ideals of his most Christian mother and the worldly swashbuckling and success of Edward, who must in fact have been the principle father-figure in the poet's life. There is, too, in Barnabas Oley's introduction to *The Country Parson,* a remark that catches very accurately Herbert's skill in reproof: "Like a wise master-builder, he has set about a form of speech, transferred it in a Figure, as if he were all the while learning from another man's mouth or pen and not teaching any." This is as much a secret of the poet as of the parson who could disarm a stranger by telling him that some sermon-hearers are "like those Fishes that always live in salt water and yet are always fresh."

But this book does not claim to be a definitive biography. Mrs. Bottrall in her brief and modest way honours George Herbert with intelligence, clarity and wisdom; and achieves the proper excellence of this sort of writing, that you feel you know the man and want to read all his poetry again. At the very least she should have performed for him the important service of removing from the minds of the literate the absurd but not uncommon view that he is a pendant of John Donne.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

BEATING THE IDOL

German History: Some New German Views. Edited by HANS KOHN. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Primitive men worship their idols when the weather is fine, and beat them when it rains. We do much the same with history. The Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the great Reform Bill are held up as models of political wisdom, so long as we settle our affairs by compromise. If we ever decide that barricades and the shooting-squad are the right way of doing things, we shall condemn the Whigs as appeasers. The Germans are already carrying out this transformation. Until recently all their historians glorified Bismarck. Nazis claimed that Hitler had completed his work, anti-Nazis that Hitler had broken with his tradition. But all alike turned him into a national hero. We have nothing like it. Elizabeth, Cromwell, or Chatham are forgotten names in comparison. Now German power is in ruins; and the historians have rounded on their old idol. Hans Kohn, an American professor, has made an interesting anthology from their recent writings. Not all the leading German names are here. For instance, Gerhard Ritter, probably the outstanding German historian at the moment, is absent. But Ritter is an unrepentant Bismarckian. In his view, German domination of Europe was admirable, when it was done in a Christian spirit. Even Hitler would have been all right, if it had not been for anti-semitism and the concentration camps.

The contributors to the present volume are more sweeping. They condemn the use of force as an instrument of policy and even lament the creation of a national German state. Franz Schnabel, now professor at Munich, thinks that the old Habsburg empire could have been turned into a federal state and blames Bismarck for preventing this. Friedrich Meinecke goes further. After starting as an admirer of Bismarck, he comes to regret that the Germans went in for the business of having a state at all, and advises them to abandon political parties for Goethe societies, where they could spend their time admiring German literature. Ludwig Dehio discovers that Europe was ceasing to be the centre of the world and that a policy of dominating the continent was out of date.

All this may be very admirable, but it has precious little to do with history. None of the writers attempts to increase our understanding of the past; they merely moralise about it in the light of the present. This is no more history than the high-minded generalisations of Karl Jaspers are philosophy. Bismarck is beaten as an idol; he is not explained as a historical character. Bismarck himself was more modest. He did not claim to have created Germany. He merely said: "Events are stronger than the plans of men." His policy makes sense only if we bear in mind that he had to govern Germans. He would much have preferred to be Sir Robert Peel. But for this the Germans would have had to show political judgment and political courage—a factor which German historians fail to notice.

On closer examination, it appears that the present set of historians are, as usual, trimming their sails to the coming breeze. German power, dominating Europe, has failed to work; therefore down with it. Now Germany has to appear as a member of Western European civilisation. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine must be deplored. Federation with France must be welcomed. But what about Eastern Europe? One essay timidly suggests that the Poles are almost human; all the rest are firmly silent. Would any of these well-meaning historians tell their students that the Oder-Neisse line is a permanent

settlement of the eastern frontier? Would they even defend the present Czechoslovak frontier or the Polish corridor of 1939? Of course they would not. Indeed, of the seventy million Germans not one would be content with less than Hitler's Reich as it existed after the fall of France; and even then they would be astonished at their own moderation. Would we be pleased if Kent had been handed over to the Belgians as far as the Medway? The Germans will go on trying to dominate Europe, so long as they have the largest population and the greatest economic strength; and the rest of Europe will go on trying to resist them.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

The End of an Old Song. By J. D. SCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Wars of Love. By MARK SCHORER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stephania. By ILONA KARMEL. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone—but on this occasion for "Ireland" read "Scotland." Mr. Scott's new novel is a criticism of romanticism; it is also a study in national character. These are the two poles of the book, and between them an admirable tension—a tension of ambiguity—is set up. Mr. Scott is kind to the English reader: the character, Patrick Shaw, through whose eyes we see the action and who tells the story, is only half Scots; in many ways he is the outsider from the South and, because of that almost automatically a romantic. He is conscious, as he crosses the moors as a boy from his minor Scottish public school to visit Captain Keith at Kingisbyres, of "the history of a graceful, violent, aristocratic past with which I had no contact at all."

> And then, sometimes, in association with Kingisbyres, I would suddenly have, almost overwhelmingly, the sense of the past, not so much of a particular episode or period of history, as of some essence of the past of Scotland, its dark, fated, cruel quality, and the contrasting strain that ran through it of lightness and grace and gaiety; and even then it seemed to me that this historic past was like a kind of collective subconscious, something to which the respectable, censored mind does not normally have access, something powerfully charged with love and hate, pride and violence, which, in given circumstances, it might discharge in some tremendous flash of lightning.

Mr. Scott's symbols for this highly charged romantic past, then, are the house Kingisbyres, with its bedroom in which the fire is kept permanently alight against the arrival of Prince Charles Stuart, and its owner Captain Keith, who still toasts the King over the Water, who is not Charles Stuart but Rudolph of Bavaria—Rupert of Hentzau, as Patrick's friend Alastair jeeringly calls him. Alastair, the brilliant village boy, Keith's *protégé* (and, it comes out in the end, his son), is the anti-romantic, the enemy of small nations and their nationalisms. He is in a sense the modern man. "There are always some people," he says, "who want to get into the biggest competition in sight, and they'd sooner die than do anything else." He is the traditional ambitious Scot, dreaming as a boy of a career at the English bar. But he is more than this, as Patrick sees him:

> And all the time the look deepened on Alastair's face, the look of a victorious commander, giving permission to loot a city, a look of brutality, pleasure, and recklessness, all masked and stilled by pride.

Like Kingisbyres, he too is an expression of the "collective subconscious . . . powerfully charged with love and hate, pride and violence."

Mr. Scott works out his theme in a story rich in implications and told with formidable skill. He can make the sudden leap into the unexpected which renders an invention not merely acceptable but wholly convincing. Thus Captain Keith's enthusiasm for the principle of legitimacy ends in his narrowly missing jail during the war under Regulation 18B; and Kingisbyres, before it is burnt down, passes into the hands first of a Glasgow millionaire biscuit-manufacturer and then of the National Coal Board. But the leap into the imaginatively convincing occurs in the unfolding of the character of Alastair, whose repudiation of the past is so complete that it involves a repudiation of England too. For this twentieth-century Scots reiver England offers too little in the way of plunder, and by the end of the book, director of an international economic research organisation, he is about to become an American citizen.

Of the English novelists who have emerged since the war Mr. Scott strikes me as being in the best sense the most sheerly professional, and in nothing is this more clearly seen than in his treatment of the contemporary scene. He is essentially *of* the present, and he knows what is going on in the present. The theme and action of *The End of an Old Song* gain in significance because they are held all the time in an implicit relationship with the contemporary world, and because this is so they illuminate the larger context of which they are a part. In Mr. Scott we have an authentic instance of the novelist as historian of his times.

Mr. Schorer is well-known in America as a leading academic critic of the novel, and *The Wars of Love* is nothing if not a scholarly work. Mr. Schorer has plainly put himself to school with James, Conrad, F. M. Ford and Proust; he writes wonderfully well, and what might be called the surface texture of his novel is a constant delight. His theme is not love so much as the perversions of love. He presents us with four people, a woman and three men, who have been friends as children, a compact little body against the world, three of whom remain friends in adult life. The story is told by the man who has broken free, has become the outsider, and who realises that the compact little body is now a Laocoon-like group writhing in mutual parasitism, with the weakest, the victim, at the centre. Striving to set free the victim, the narrator precipitates the tragedy the roots of which the novel analyses. Mr. Schorer writes with great subtlety, and his descriptions of the lives of his characters as children during summer holidays in rural New England are excellent in their feeling and precision. But when he takes up their careers ten years later in New York, with the stage set for tragedy, something goes wrong. One is not convinced that the vampire-woman who holds the three men together has grown naturally out of the little girl who was their leader in childhood. What began as a beautifully perceptive study of children ends in a case-history with, one feels, some essential details missing.

Stephania relates, with much care, what it is like to be a patient in a hospital in Sweden. It is in fact extraordinarily like being a patient in a hospital in England. The novel is much too long, and the heroine, a Polish girl, I found unsympathetic in the extreme. Despite its obvious sincerity, *Stephania* remains the kind of novel about which one can only echo Dr. Johnson's remark on *The Bard*: I do not see that it promotes any truth, moral or political.

WALTER ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

George Tomlinson. By FRED BLACKBURN. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

George Tomlinson was one of the most loveable members of the 1945 Labour Government, and his many friends will be grateful for this memorial volume, which includes so many of the vernacular Lancashire stories with which he used to regale his audiences. But it is doubtful whether Mr. Blackburn will capture the interest of a wider public. Despite all his efforts, he fails to portray Tomlinson as a political figure of sufficient significance to justify a full-length biography. This is not surprising since, despite his charming and transparent goodness, Tomlinson had not the driving power to become a front-rank politician. At the Ministry of Works he was overshadowed by Aneurin Bevan and, *pace* Mr. Attlee, who describes him in the Foreword as "a great Minister of Education," he did not in fact do more than administer the Butler Act in a way that won the respect of the teaching profession.

Probably his most effective political work was done in local government, first on the Farnworth and then on the Lancashire County Council. If Mr. Blackburn had devoted far more attention to his upbringing and early life in Lancashire and far less to the period after 1937, when he entered Parliament, he would have been able to paint a livelier and more illuminating picture. What he has given us is the kind of conventional portrait of a successful working-class leader in which the detailed painting of the clothes and trappings diverts attention from the living personality behind. The truth is that Tomlinson was in no sense of the word an outstanding politician, and the real distinction of his personality is obscured by the effort to suggest that he was. Where he triumphed was in personal relations, and that triumph would have been just as great if he had never risen above the Urban District Council.

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Children in the House. By NAN FAIRBROTHER. *Hogarth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A non-fictional, non-instructional book of reflections by a young woman in the role of parent—why should this seem so peculiarly a feature of the present time? For, without the author's sophistication, and given the solitude and the lack of service, her theme might be as old as literature. It is the record of a year, from winter to winter, spent with the author's two young children—boys of three and four—in an isolated farmhouse in Buckinghamshire. In it she describes the children's reactions to daily happenings; her own reactions to the children, the old house, books and pictures, the weather, the solitude, her past in relation to the present—matters of that kind. She announces birthdays only when they are convenient (but next year the boys may be able to read a calendar); lets them use dead mice for dolls; sends them to watch the bull when faced with the more difficult questions of human reproduction; reflects that they would probably *prefer* doing neat water-colours within given outlines to the modern "free expression"; notes that strange children may be stared at but not smiled at by an adult who does not wish to alarm; and that a horse in bed could hardly be a more uncomfortable companion than a child. She reads Henry James in the sickbed night-watches, and Baudelaire in self-defence against the unmitigated wholesomeness of her life. She reflects on the patterns of homosexuality in *As You Like It*, the link between Hopkins and El Greco, the boredom of adolescence, the narrowing of sympathies that maternity brings, the fact that our faults are the exaggeration of our virtues, and that in a few years' time the children we know today will be gone as completely as if they were dead.

In a volume which might so easily have lent itself to the whimsical, the archly mystical, or the transatlantic humorous, the reader must be grateful to the author for her wary and often graceful avoidance of these pitfalls. Vanity, of a mild sort, is her principal sin rather, and it is one more readily forgiven. It is true that Gissing in *Ryecroft* and also Miss Mitford contrived to avoid it; could this be the distinction of the professional? As it is, however, the author has the rare success of making her children not only real to the reader, but tolerable to the point of charm.

The Lamartine Ladies. By LAURA M. RAGG. *Macdonald.* 16*s.*

The 'ladies' of this pleasant and sufficiently scholarly book are Lamartine's pious and practical mother, his English wife, *née* Marianne Birch, and his niece Valentine who inherited his estate and edited his correspondence. If no important new light is shed on the central figure of the poet himself, the background of his life is clarified by a skilful use of diaries and letters.

The story begins in the days of the Terror, when Lamartine's newly married mother romantically shot ropes attached to arrows through his father's prison-window, entirely in the spirit of a modern Resistance heroine. Well before its end, the younger Madame Lamartine is arranging a journey to London by the new train-and-steamer route which takes twelve hours from Paris *via* Folkestone. She also copies, blue-pencils and in minor instances composes parts of her husband's vast literary output. It brought him through life a considerable fortune—650,000 francs in 1847 for his history of the Revolution alone—which was lost at once in his limitless expenditure. He belonged to the essentially aristocratic tradition of the Old Régime, by which it is the men of the family who dissipate capital while the women try to conserve it. A descendant of Burgundian landed gentry, he begins to be a social anachronism in the age of Balzac, when essentially bourgeois males do the commercial spinning for the female spending. His wide family ramifications, with the resulting network of marriages, deaths and inheritances, are handled neatly by Mrs. Ragg and complete the human portrait of a class in a critical age of transition.

The Queen's Government. By SIR IVOR JENNINGS. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

"The life of the law of the Constitution has been not logic but experience." To express this experience simply is a delicate matter: Sir Ivor Jennings attempts it by a combination of the historical, the legal, and the analytical approach; he eschews what he calls the critical, because it "requires the adoption of philosophical or political assumptions." In practice this means that Sir Ivor's unargued conviction of the superlative excellence of the British Constitution is reinforced by asides which emphasise the inadequacy of all other systems. His own description calls upon history, in a modernised version of the Whig interpretation up to the nineteenth century, and a jumble of lobby anecdote thereafter; upon law, for he begins and ends with an eloquent lawyer's version of the importance of law in the creation and preservation of English democracy; and chiefly upon analysis. He starts with a lyrical Coronation year account of the position of the Crown; he sketches (without resort to many facts or figures) the place of politics and the party system in the life of the country; he shows the work of Parliament and the central administration; and he resumes his old mastery of the subject in an admirable account of the Prime Minister and his Cabinet.

No simple exposition of the Constitution has yet matched the cogency of Bagehot; but Sir Ivor Jennings has here brought the information up to date, and has provided a lively summary of the orthodox arguments. The index is unfortunately incomplete; but the use and purpose of the book is not that of a work of reference, but of a fresh introduction to a theme treated exhaustively in Sir Ivor's own and other standard works.

Palmerston. By W. BARING PEMBERTON. *Batchworth.* 25*s.*

This book has the modest purpose of providing "a straightforward, informative and readable life of one of the most remarkable men of the century." In this it succeeds. Mr. Pemberton has digested the work which scholars have done recently on aspects of Palmerston's foreign policy. But, as he confesses, there are great tracts of Palmerston's life still not explored. In foreign policy, the Crimean war and the unification of Italy remain obscure. Palmerston's career as Prime Minister is even more in the dark. He founded the modern Liberal party, perhaps by accident. What did it stand for? What sort of men composed it? What differences were there between the general elections of 1857 and 1859? We do not know; and, until we know, Palmerston's career cannot be assessed as a whole. Moreover, in this book, Palmerston does not come alive as a man. We get a vague impression that Mr. Pemberton admires him, but we cannot discover why. It is also carrying historical scepticism a little far to doubt that Palmerston was the father of Lady Cowper's younger children or to deny that there was a parliamentary borough of Newtown in the Isle of Wight.

Skis Against the Atom. By CAPTAIN KNUT HAUKELID. *Kimber.* 15*s.*

"Heavy water" is essential for atomic energy, and to make ordinary water "heavy" takes a year; by destroying the heavy-water plant which was working for the Germans at Rjukan in southern Norway, our side won the race for the atom bomb. The decisive action was brief and startlingly straightforward. Nine Norwegians made their way on skis up a ravine, cut through a gate, placed their charges and blew up the installations without disturbing, or needing to destroy, a single German. The alarm was not even raised till they were well on their way back to the hills. This was in February, 1943: a year later news came that remaining stocks of the stuff were to be transported

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EDUCATION, we are told, is not so much a matter of knowing the facts as knowing where to find them. In matters of finance, you will find 'the facts' at the Westminster Bank. Special departments exist to advise on overseas trade, to help with customers' Income Tax problems, to obtain foreign currency and passports, to act as Executor or Trustee, to . . . But why go on? We have said enough to show that, when problems like these arise, the simplest thing to do is to leave them in the efficient hands of the Westminster Bank

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to Germany. So the ferry was sunk in the Tinnsjö Fjord; fourteen Norwegians and four Germans went down with the heavy-water drums.

Captain Haukelid, who took a leading part in both operations, tells his story modestly from the day he first escaped from Norway to train in Britain. He looks back with amusement and horror on the early days of sabotage, when his group displayed a two-day-old *Times* in Oslo and planned to kidnap Quisling; he conveys the tedium and hunger of winter months when they skulked in the mountains. There were the special difficulties of operating in their own country, where relatives and allies could so easily be involved (they would make a two-hour detour to avoid leaving fresh ski-tracks near a friendly farm), and the special tensions of a form of war where you might be drinking champagne in Cambridge one evening and, on the next, find yourself alone on the barren hills of the Hardanger Vidda. This is not one of the war narratives that reads like a novel: and perhaps in this it reflects all the more faithfully the life of the saboteur with its unheroic hardships, uncertainties and boredoms encircling the brief moments of action.

The Language of Science. By T. H. Savory. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A sensible and well-informed little book about the language in which scientific communication is made, written rather too much from the viewpoint of a linguist, but nevertheless useful within its limits. The most difficult and interesting point about scientific language is that the verbal isolation of concepts has grown up, unconsciously and undeliberately, with the development of science itself: in fact, in a meaningful sense scientific language is science. This point Mr. Savory touches only lightly, but he is interesting on scientific terminology in different languages, and gives some excellent examples of Anglo-Saxon mania applied to science by William Barnes—"skysill" (horizon), "fireghost" (electricity), "deemstery" (criticism), "forestoning" (fossil). This book should not have bad deemstery.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,257

Set by Marmaduke Dench

Competitors are here asked to write a poem—not necessarily a parody—beginning "Oh, not to be in England now that April's there." Limit 20 lines. Entries by April 6.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,254

Set by Guy Walsingham

The usual prizes are offered for 150 words of any part of a woman's magazine serial introducing the Ideal Home Exhibition.

Report by Guy Walsingham

Assuredly, *N.S. & N.* competitors are an intellectual lot. Ask for pastiches of Proust, Donne, Roger Bacon or John Stuart Mill, and there is an *embarras de richesses*. On more vulgar levels, the touch is far less sure—they have not rubbed their noses close enough or long enough in the originals. Few in this present competition reflected the conventions as well as the style of the woman's magazine: I cannot think that all these clandestine assignations in model kitchenettes would have found editorial favour, nor the distressingly numerous references to lavatory fittings. J. P. Stevenson hit off the dress theme nicely: "Wearing a gunmetal suit of *soie sauvage* and a small white felt hat, Jennifer got to Olympia at four . . ." He also scored a good stylistic point with his verb in "'Like it?' crisped a big tweedy man with a pipe," as did J. R. Till with "Gavin briefed his hand to journey through his tousled hair." I also liked J. R. Till's second entry, a business-like synopsis:

Mike has already paid bitterly for his treatment of Marilyn. Will he be able to pay for his new love's new washing-machine? Don't miss his next instalment.

Two guineas to P.M., one and a half to John Digby, one to Edward Blishen—the balance to be kept for a more rewarding week. Runners-up: Pat Bullen, Findlay P. Murdoch, J. P. Stevenson, J. R. Till, Pax and Joan E. Wooler ("Should she reveal the message pencilled inside the egg-whisk leaflet?")

"I must see ironing-machines," said Margaret. "Nine shirts a week almost kill me."

Jill said nothing, her highest notion of happiness being to smooth Tom's smalls with her own hands some day. She wandered off in search of kitchen gadgets, passing the nursery section reluctantly. What fascinating prams, play-pens and coloured baths! But, as Mother always said, 'First things first,' and she paused instead at Model Bedrooms. But here the flood of sales talk confused her, and with heightened colour she hurried away, leaving the young man insisting earnestly that the single beds would 'take two at a push.'

As she walked she saw pictures of herself and Tom—washing up at the lovely steel sinks, lolling in the gay garden hammocks, using the wonderful polishers and labour-savers. . . .

She found Margaret discussing a possible new grate for the drawing-room.

"Tell me, madam, how far is your bottom from floor level?"

P. M.

Above Kensington Palace, a wood-pigeon flew towards the high elms of the Gardens, its beak clutching joyously, purposefully, a treasure-trove of straws.

Jacynth breathed, "The first nest. . . . I always get idiotically sentimental . . ."

But Hugo, tall, lithe, endearingly masculine, was spiritually miles from Kensington, this Saturday afternoon: almost the whole of his mind, Jacynth sensed despairingly, was at Twickenham. And, as if to confirm her intuition, he said, "It was against the Harlequins, I remember. I pranged a pigeon, kicking the last goal. That had straws in its mouth, too."

Hopelessness settled on her like a pall. In silence, they walked towards Hammersmith. The sun, now, had given way to an early, damp fog, and Jacynth felt her smart, gay suit creasing damply, uglily.

Outside Olympia, she halted under the huge invitations to the Ideal Home Exhibition. "Would you be interested in this?" she asked, making her final throw. . . .

(To be continued)

John Digby

Jonquil's lower lip trembled. Was this to be a real quarrel? She looked at Sebastian's brown jaw and her heart sank.

"But, darling," she stammered, "the whole kitchen costs less than £1,000."

Sebastian looked miserable. "I know," he said. "It's not the money. It's just that—well, I could never get used to washing-up in a glorified biscuit tin."

Jonquil flushed. Just because his family had always lived in a beastly medieval castle! Did he expect her to cook on a spit and chop her meat on a non-plastic working surface? Tears filled her eyes.

"Oh, darling," Sebastian said huskily. He grasped her arm and dragged her up on to the stand. "I'll have two complete kitchens," he roared at the salesman. He looked down at Jonquil, his eyes twinkling. "And three tuck-away self-cookers in each."

Edward Blishen

CHESS: The Gallant Captain

No. 234

True enough, the good old Evans Gambit is supposed to be as *passé* as the Hansom cab; even so, most of us are only too likely to succumb whenever—all too rarely—we have the confounded thing inflicted on us. Hence, a vote of thanks is due to J. R. Harman for having dug out a particularly delightful specimen. Here we can see the gallant Captain playing his very own gambit and trouncing none other than the great Macdonnell. The game was played in London, 1829. Note how cunningly the Captain undermines that seemingly over-protected square f7.

(14) R-Q1	Q-B1	(18) Q x KP ch	K-Q2
(15) R x Kt ! ch	Q x R	(19) Q-K6 ch	K-B2
(16) Kt x BP ! !	Q-R5	(20) B-Q6 mate	
(17) Q-Kt5 ch	P-B3		

While this is certainly not a "Readers' *Own*" all the other items this week are genuinely home-made such as a pretty game won by Bruce Hayden in a recent Lightning Tournament at the National Chess Centre. Up to move 10 it is strictly "book." Then White wins a piece and is neatly robbed of his booty.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) Q-KR4	Kt x B
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(12) Kt x Kt	P-KR3
(3) B-Kt5	B-B4	(13) B-Q3	P-Q4
(4) P-B3	Kt-B3	(14) Kt-R7	R-K1
(5) P-Q4	B-Kt3	(15) Kt-B6 ch	P x Kt
(6) O-O	O-O	(16) P x P	Kt-B4 !
(7) P x P	KKt x P	(17) Q-Kt4 ch	K-R1
(8) Q-Q5	Kt-B4	(18) B x Kt	Q x P !
(9) B-Kt5	Kt-K2	(19) B x B	Q x P ch
(10) Q-B4	Kt-K3	(20) Resigns	

No less well deserved is the chessbook token going to H. T. Lobbenberg for this pretty attack. He had cunningly left his QRP *en prise*. Black took it with disastrous consequences.

(16)		Kt x RP ?	
(17) R x Kt !		P x R	
(18) P x P		Kt-Kt3 ?	
(19) Kt-B6 ch		K-R1	
(20) R-Q3 !		P-KR4	
(21) R-R3		K-Kt2	
(22) B-R6 ch !		K x B	
(23) R x P ch	P x R	(26) Q-Kt3 ch	K-B4
(24) Q-R7 ch	K-Kt4	(27) B-Q3 mate	
(25) Q-Kt7 ch	K-B5		

He might have mated one move earlier; but let's not be pedantic. It's pretty enough as it is.

A: E. W. Carmichael
1954

This week's competition, I am glad to say, is thoroughly home-grown. The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position, slightly adapted. How did White force the win? **B** (6 points) is a neat little 6-mover, and **C** should be no bargain at 7 ladder-points. It is a suimate in 8, and for the uninitiated I had better explain that White is to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 8 moves.

B: A. J. Head
1943

C: C. J. Morse
1954

Usual prizes. Entries by April 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 6

A: (1) Kt-B7 ! K x Kt, (2) Q x P ch ! K-Kt3, (3) P-KKt4 etc.

B: (1) R-Kt4 ch, K-B1 ! (2) R-B4 ch, K-K1, (3) R-K4 ch, K-Q1, (4) R-Q4 ch, K-B1, (5) R-QKt4, R-QR2 ch, (6) K-Kt5, R-R4 ch, (7) K-B6 ! R-B4 ch, (8) K x P, R-B2, (9) K-B6 ! R x P, (10) R-Kt3 ! (followed by K-R5-R4-R3, etc.).

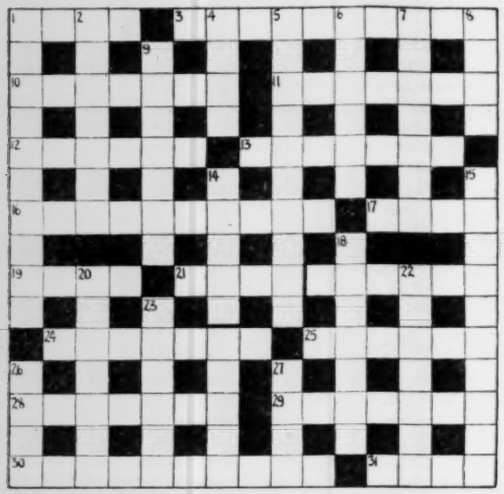
C: (1) B-R3 ch, K-R7 ! (2) B x Kt, R-K8 ! (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt8, (4) Kt-K2 ch, K x B, (5) Kt x B ch, K-Kt7, (6) Kt-B2 ! R-QB8, (7) R-KKt6 ! ! R x Kt ch, (8) K-Kt3 ! etc.

These were tough nuts and most competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of B and/or C. Even some of our famous *kraftlösers* fell by the wayside, except those indomitable warriors D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, A. J. Roycroft, and A. Schneider, who got it all quite or very nearly right. They share the prizes. *Londoners' 19th* Move B-B6. *Non-Londoners' 20th due by March 31.*

Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 93

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crosstword 93, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 6



ACROSS

1. Cut up cubes (4).
3. Rogue to avoid with thanks (10).
10. First name of a student of Bede (7).
11. Joining up, but returning nothing to the crown (7).
12. Scotsmen keep pence in hiding places (6).
13. Cheese equipped for walking? (7).
16. The composer is very fair to begin with (10).
17. Goddess shorter than Satan (4).
19. The devil of a time? (4).
21. Suitable location for a cowboy film in England? (4, 6).
24. May be in Syria instead of going to China (7).
25. Easy remedy (6).
28. The new men start to cheat (7).
29. May be out with the sleigh, all untidy (7).
30. It provides opportunities for men to work and strike at the same time (10).
31. He was responsible for the information in 8 (4).

DOWN

1. Expanding, but not enlarging the picture (10).
2. A friendly drink (7).
4. Refuses to notice wounds (4).
5. Durham is one place where one needs to have a foreign language in the head (10).
6. "A very —— beast, and of a good conscience" (*M.N.D.*) (6).
7. Though fat, finally I am prepared to be photographed (7).
8. The old man of Thermopylæ boiled them in his shoes (4).
9. "'Sap and ——,' said the Gnat" (Carroll) (7).
14. Bags or shorts for the court? (5, 5).
15. Star part in a Wallace book for a gang boss? (10).
18. The youngster starts with one note and finishes with music (7).
20. Know the way round and the lie of the land (7).
22. Incentive that is about a concealed slump (7).
23. I am situated in the middle of an environment (6).
26. Journey's end has a prayer for peace (4).
27. Name for a scrap of prose or verse without metre (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 91

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 91

P. M. Camm (Hull), R. Rishworth (Voorburg), A. Gordon Taylor (London, W.14).

PERSONAL

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ESCORTED Pullman Motor Coach Tours. France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Riviera, &c. From 39*gns.* for 9 days. Brochure from Autobus Co., Ltd., 49 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. TEM. 2693.

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MARRIED couples planning to have a child within the next twelve months are invited to co-operate in a research project involving a new method of family planning. No danger. Financial compensation for time and expenses offd. Write Box 6771 for full information.

EXCH. Aug. holiday roomy hse. Richmond (river, park, buses/trains, London, Thames valley sightseeing all handy) for hse. on coast (West Country/France). Box 6422.

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SUMMER Holidays: Odam Hill Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton, welcomes boys and girls 5-17 years. Varied programme. Riding. Escorted parties from London. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

JUGOSLAV girl wishes post in family, two months. Care children, etc. English references. April-May. Box 6480.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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PERSONAL—continued

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IRVING Theatre, Leics. Sq., avlble. for meetings, lectures, conferences. WHI. 8657.

FLY this summer on an N.U.S. Holiday to Paris, Nice, Milan, Zurich, Barcelona, Palma, Copenhagen or Dusseldorf. Prices below 3rd class rail. Book now with National Union of Students Travel Department, Section NS, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

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MEET the People! Others take you abroad and show you the sights. Progressive Tours does this and introduces you to the people of France, Italy, Austria and Belgium. Wine with the workers of Paris! Dance with the dockers of Venice! Sing with the fishermen of the Adriatic! For a new type of holiday this year send 2½*d*. stamp for Free Illustrated Brochure to Tours Dept., 20 Stilehall Gardens, London, W.4.

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DON'T make a definite decision on a holiday abroad until you have asked your Travel Agent about the island of Madeira. The beauty of Madeira Island cannot be briefly described, but if you select to go there you will acknowledge it the sunshine paradise. A pleasing warm climate, arresting scenery, perfect bathing facilities. From May to November hotel rates are lower by 25%, and air fares reduced by £30. Contact your Travel Agent or write to The Delegacao De Turismo Da Madeira, Funchal, Madeira.

SELECT Your Holiday from 80 holiday centres at home and abroad. 15 days' holiday, Dinard, £26 7*s*. 6*d*.; 15 days' holiday, Andorra, £40 15*s*.; 15 days' holiday, Gries, £34 10*s*.; 17 days' holiday, Lugano, £39 6*s*.; 14 days' holiday, Ostend, £28 10*s*.; 15 days' holiday, Samoens, £36 5*s*. Booklet, with full details, free on request to: C. H. A. (Dept. J), Birch Heys, Manchester, 14.

TRAVEL with confidence: travel with Fodor's Modern Guides covering 16 European countries—the guide books that pay for themselves. Also the unique Woman's Guide. See the whole range at your bookseller or write to Newman Neame Ltd., 71 Blandford St., London, W.1.

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INTERNATIONAL House Party. A mixed party of French & Belgian students spending Easter vacation (April 11-25) in London, invite other young people to join them 2 wks. for language exchange; visits to theatres, concerts, exhibitions. Accom. at students' hostel nr. Regent's Park. Details through J. Robertson, 61 Fellows Road, London, N.W.3.

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S. Harold Ingham has still some vacancies in all Summer School parties but several are now more than half made up. Apply now for a programme while you may still choose between Barcelona, Rome, Venice, Lausanne, Mayrhofen, Ljubljana. Example—Barcelona—26 days—33½*gns*. incl. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s*. 6*d*./15*s*. 6*d*. B. & B., wkly terms arrgd.

CHARMING Hotel. Single rooms. 4*gns*. Double 7½*gns*. With full board or breakfast only. 13-14 Stanley Crescent, W.11. PAR. 8586.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18 to 30). International. Single divan rooms. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.

COMF. Residential Clubs, Hampstead, students, young bus. people; T.V., dances, &c. Part board; sharing fr. 47*s*. 6*d*. Appl. forms, 13 Belsize Ave., London, N.W.3.

CHELSEA: residential studio to let furn., long let preferred. Vacant April 5, view now. Rent £22 15*s*. per month incl. linen, elec. light & cleaning. 'Phone Housekeeper, FLA. 5645, or apply mornings 55 Oakley St., S.W.3.

ST. John's Wood. Quiet pleasant bed-sit. Suit prof. man or woman. MAI. 4092.

TWO sunny furn. garden rooms to let singly or suit 2 friends. Own bathroom, use gdn. Attr. house on 159, 59A bus routes, St. John's Wood. 3*gns*. & 2*gns*. Box 6199.

COMF., furn. bed-sit. rm. Put-u-up. Gas fire and cooker. Suit business lady. £2 10*s*. p.w. incl. elec. light and use bath. Tel. or call aft. 7 p.m. Maynard, 36 Hemstal Rd., West End Lane, N.W.6. MAI. 7161.

SUNNY 1st fl. s/c flat: kit.-dining rm., lounge, bedrm. Period furniture, tel., fitted basin. Share bath. Very well-kept hse. £4 10*s*. PRI. 0506 wkends/evgs.

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BED-SITTING room with service, linen, breakfast, in private house, near bus & tube. Hampstead 9271.

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HIGHGATE Village. Newly dec. comf. B/S. rm. in s/c. flat. 37*s*. 6*d*. incl. light & baths. 1 min. shops/buses. MOU. 6471.

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FURNISHED bed-sitting room to let. £2 17*s*. 6*d*. p.w. Own cooking facilities. 2 mins. Portman Square. Tel.: PAD. 7474.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

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HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns*. wk. Dble. 5*gns*. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

ST. John's Wood. Bed.-sit., gas fire, H. & C. £2 7*s*. 6*d*. inc. CUN. 9287.

DELIGHTFUL large bright room. Marble Arch. H.C., Cooking, etc. £3 12*s*. 6*d*. p.w. Box 6816.

HIGHGATE: 3 mins. from tube. Single divan-room, new furniture, own meter, 2 *gns*. MOU. 9610.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan-room, superior house, 2*gns*. 'Phone: TUDor 8207 after 6 p.m.

GRADS. will share cheap comf. flat N.16. Two vacancies. Box 6812.

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BED-sit. room own cooker, gas-fire. Putney Common. 35*s*. p.w. PUTney 0260.

BEAUTIFULLY furnished large bed-sit. room, use bath, kit., phone, in private house N. Lond. Suit prof. woman. Box 6825.

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KENSINGTON. In newly-blt. house, delightfully furn. flatlet, built-in wardrobe, concealed ckg. facils., c.h.w., linen, service. Prof./bus. lady. 3*gns*. BAY. 4617.

COMFORTABLE accom. near Olympia offered to British business woman. Own bed-sitting room, share dining- and sitting-room (piano), use bathroom, kit. (frig.). 70*s*. wk. FUL. 1026 aft. 6 p.m. or Box 6731.

COMF. rm. in nice flat, mod. block, const. H. & C. Cent. htg. Use bath. kit. Pleas. home for careful tenant. £2 5*s*. Shoot-up-Hill, N.W.2. Buses 16, 60. GLA. 5364.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

FURN. comfortable home, business or prof. lady. Golders Green Rd. Box 6679.

STUDIO, s.c., W.1, furn., to let for 6 months. £5 p.w. Box 6691.

COTTAGE to let April 10-24. All cons. K. G. Chapman, Gt. Bardfield, Essex.

FURN. div.-rm., kit., artist's hse. Epsom, offd. to 1 person, £2. Box 6697.

EASTER and most of the summer. Small Chalet on Devon Farm to let furnished. Double bedroom, living-room, small kitchen (Calor Gas). Easy reach coasts and moors. Apply Haddock, Higher Hannaford, Lanlkey, Barnstaple, Devon.

WEST Wittering. Furnished house to let during May; 6 bedrooms; direct access to sea; garage; telephone 10*gns*. wkly. Write 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

FURN. seaside cottage, near Mundesley, Norfolk. Sleep 4. Electricity. April/October. 5/7*gns*. Box 6749.

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BLUE Anchor Bay, Somerset. Holiday flatlets. The perfect & most economical holiday; all flatlets overlkg. sea, good sands, safe bathing; every con., refrigeration. Write: Kathleen Hardwick or tel. Dunster 241.

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S. DORSET, to let furn. May-Sept. attrac. modernised thatched cottage, dble. rm., sgle. rm., dining-rm., parlour, elec. kit., bath-rm., mod. sanitation. Good garden. Careful tenants reqd. Sorry, no children. Box 6763.

CARAVAN. Furn. 2/3, New Forest. Beautiful, convenient, private. Leek, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

UNFURN. flat reqd. in block N. or N.W. London, approx. 4 rooms, K. & B., C.H. pref. Max. ren: £200 p.a. incl. Willing pay for lease or f. & f. Write Box 6752.

CULTURED, middle-aged Viennese woman teacher seeks part/unfurn. room or share flat, Central London. Week-end help or companionship if required. Box 6611.

ONE large or two small unfurn. rms. reqd. by business girl, ckg. facils., use bathroom, own meters, N./W. London. Box 6682.

YOUNG lady executive reqs. small s.c. unfurn., or possibly furn., flat. Permanent. Refs. supplied. ABB 3213/Box 6841.

FURN. flat, 2-3 rooms, k. & b., Bloomsbury, Finsbury or Canonbury, wanted by two young prof. women. Box 6539.

URGENTLY wanted, large unfurnished flat near centre London. Two children. Reply W. Squire, Old Vic Theatre or CHI. 7979.

UNIV. Lect. (wife, no chln.) reqs. s/c. furn./unfurn. flat by Aug. Nr. W.C.1, W.2, or Richmond. Max. £200 p.a. Box 6511.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

PIED à terre/office, small, self-contained, required weekends; full-time considered if reasonable rent; easy reach Victoria/Waterloo; suggestions welcomed. Box 6580.

TWO ladies require double bed-sitting-room, use of bath, telephone, Frigidaire, constant hot water, for 6-8 weeks between mid-May and mid-July. St. John's Wood or Baker St. Apply Box 6683.

UNFURN. flat wanted by graduate & wife, Kensington or Bayswater area, s./c., 2-3 rms., k. & b. Box 6613.

PROVINCIAL girl, 20, moving to London, wishes share s/c. flat or rooms with other girl/girls. Must be Jewish. Box 6545.

UNFURNISHED flat required, 2 rooms, kitchenette, bathroom: Box 6459.

UNFURNISHED flat badly needed by couple, 1 child, and 1 on way. N.W. or suburbs. Will decorate, repair. Box 6408.

SCHOOLMASTER requires accommodation from mid-April giving easy access Canning Town. With/without board, some service. Few restrictions. Box 6467.

DEVON: Furn. house, 4 bedrooms, on or near secluded sand beach. Region of 10 *gns*. All services except transport. Children. All August & September. Box 6559.

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WANTED, rent 2 weeks August, cottage within 10 miles coast, preferably Wales, Cumberland, Northumberland. Careful tenants. Box 6751.

PARENTS, children (11-8) req. furn. accom. 3-4 wks. Aug. within reach sea, bracing, reas. Would exch. house Pinner, or join forces similar family; suggestions. Box 6810.

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NOTED Victorian Gothic Castle, near Tonbridge, in course of conversion into modern living units, two of which are still unsold. Suit acters, writers or any who enjoy quiet life in romantic rural environment. Also three building sites. Phone Hadlow 322.

ATTRACTIVE s.d. furnished house £1,980. 3 beds., 2 rec., kit., bathrm., etc. Conv. buses, shops, stn. 30 mins. London Bdge. 'nr. open country, swimming pool, tennis &c.). Sell unfurn. £1,900. 180 Mayplace Rd., Barnehurst, Kent. Bexleyheath 6740.

UPPER maisonette for sale, freehold, 134 Battersea Bridge Rd. 3 rooms, kitchen, bath.; £250 cash, balance of £2,250 by instalments over 10 years. Rates £31 10*s* p.a. Appelbe CHA. 7000.

JUST completed, unique detached house. Sitting-room facing south over Chiswick Mall. 25ft. × 13ft., with sliding partition to dining-room, cork floors, modern fitted kitchen, three double bedrooms, utility room, two garages, terraced garden, 74 years' lease. £6,200 or more. Box 6778.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

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ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales, Australia. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the position of Director of External Studies. The successful applicant will be responsible for the administrative direction of a Department of External Studies (correspondence courses at University level) which the University of New England will establish this year. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment which is at present £A252 per annum. The Director will have the status and salary of a professor. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as possible after the date of appointment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is May 15, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Senate invites applications for appointment as Staff Tutor to conduct University Tutorial Classes under the Tutorial Classes Committee and consisting mainly of W.E.A. students. Applicants should have high academic qualifications, preferably in History, Philosophy or English Literature, and experience of teaching Tutorial Classes is desirable. The appointment may be either as Staff Tutor, salary scale £600—£50—£1,150 per annum with a bar at £900, or as Staff Tutor (Junior), salary scale £500—£50—£600, the initial salary in both instances being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Family allowances are paid and the post carries membership of F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms from the Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Completed application forms to be submitted before April 24.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Senate invites applications for the post of organising Tutor to work under the Tutorial Classes Committee in part of the London Extra-Mural area. Applicants should have high academic qualifications in one or more subjects usually taken in W.E.A. and University Tutorial Classes, and experience in teaching such classes is desirable. Salary £600×£50—£1,150 per annum with a bar at £900, also Family Allowances, and membership of the F.S.S.U., the initial salary being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Particulars and application forms from Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Completed application forms to be submitted before April 24.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £300 to £900 according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation under the F.S.S.U. or otherwise can be arranged. Ten copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including ten copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than April 1, 1954. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in English Literature to begin duties on October 1, 1954. Salary scale £450×£25—£500. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience, with superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U. and family allowance. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar (from whom further particulars should be obtained) not later than April 10, 1954.

LONDON County Council. Posts of Special Responsibility, Tudor (M) School, Queen's Head Street, N.1 (400 boys, 452 girls 11-15 yr.). The present boys' and girls' schools will shortly be combined to form a secondary mixed school. Applications invited from qualified assistant teachers for appointment to the Council's service and assignment to this school. Required as follows: (a) Second assistant master, special allowance £100, to take general responsibility for boys. (b) Assistant masters for art, crafts, commercial work, English, drama and speech training, French, metalwork, mathematics, music science; Assistant mistresses for needlework physical education. Special allowances ranging from £40 to £80 will be available for suitable applicants for some of these posts. Application forms (EOTS10 (Tudor)) to be obtained from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, London, S.E.1, and returned by April 7 to Divisional Officer, 20 Compton Terrace, N.1. (332)

QUALIFIED Master, single, not over 40, required for general subjects and young Junior Mistress for small group of 7-10 year-olds. Co-educational school in West Country. Box 6372.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals, St Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council, viz.: £470 per annum at age of 27 or over rising to £560 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post, which will be vacant on June 1, of tutor organiser for Leicestershire and Rutland. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £450×£25×£700. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum. The maximum of the scale is under reconsideration. Form and particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Dept. Part-time Lay Psychotherapist (2 sessions p.wk.) rqd., at East Quinton School, Seaford, Sussex. Additional sessions possible later. Honours degree in psychology or equivalent. Recognised training and/or experience in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Fee 31s. 6d. p. 3-hr. session. Prescribed conditions. Appl. forms (st. add. env. f'scap.) from Chief Educ. Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., London, S.W.1, returnable by April 10 (quote N.253 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

LANCASHIRE County Library. Librarian required at Prestwich Mental Hospital, near Manchester. Salary £520×£15—£565. Will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Candidates should possess suitable library, educational or social welfare experience. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with 2 testimonials) to the County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by April 6, 1954.

CHILDREN'S Service. Reqd. at Hartfield, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15 (L.C.C. home for 24 deprived children presenting behaviour problems, 5-12 years), (i) Res. Warden and Matron (married couple). Salary: £500×£18 15s.—£593 15s. and £450×£12 10s.—£512 10s. respectively. (ii) Res. Housefather, Class I, and (iii) res. Housemother, Class I (married couple or single persons). Salary: £425×£12 10s.—£487 10s each. All salaries less £94 0s. 8d. p.a. for board, etc. Approp. expce. and/or trg., understanding of and ability to deal with problems arising with children of difficult or unstable character and behaviour essential. Recog. qualn. (e.g., H.O. Cert. in Res. Child Care) or trg. in mental health an advantage. Detls. & appl. form (s.a.e.) (state post(s) in which you are interested) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/243), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

CHILDREN'S Service—res. Warden & Matron (married couple) req'd. Ingleton House, Clapham, S.W.4. (after-care hostel accom. 36 boys 15-18). Comparable res. child care expce. and/or quals. (e.g., H.O. Child Care Cert.) essential. Salary: Warden, £500×£18 15s. to £593 15s.; Matron, £450×£12 10s. to £512 10s., both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, lodging, etc. Leave: 6 weeks incl. for both posts. Applic. forms and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/248), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

ASSISTANT required in New Town of Stevenage to give information and answer enquiries. Similar previous experience and knowledge of housing management an advantage. Salary: £475/£540 (male), £401/£540 (female) per annum, according to qualifications. House available in an appropriate case. Apply Chief Administrative Officer, Stevenage Development Corporation, Aston House, Nr. Stevenage, Herts, giving partics. and names of two refs., by April 3, 1954.

PERSONNEL Assistant (female) required for recruitment and control of all welfare services for approx. 750 personnel. Responsibility direct to Local Factory Manager. University education preferred though not essential, but must have some previous experience of personnel work. Age limits 24-30. Write giving full details of age, experience and qualifications to Personnel Dept., M.O. Valve Co. Ltd., Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.6.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. Principal: Miss D. Dymond, C.B.E., M.A. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of a small Hall of Residence for women students in pleasant surroundings near the sea, duties to begin in September, 1954. Applic. forms and further particulars from Registrar, College of Technology, Portsmouth.

FOREIGN correspondent required by old-established London merchants, Victoria area. Sound commercial knowledge, German, Italian essential. Good typing and shorthand speeds. Male preferred, but female considered if permanent position sought. Pension and bonus schemes. Box 6716.

COUNTRY Booksellers & Stationers in Derbyshire require cheerful and willing person for promotion of cash sales, leading to managership if suitable. Bookshop and mail order exper. an advantage. Commencing salary £400 plus bonus. Box 6495.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORWICH Borough Labour Party.—Applications are invited for the position of Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Application forms from Mr. W. Butcher, 59, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk, to whom they must be returned not later than April 21, 1954.

TRAINED and experienced Family Caseworker (man or woman) with Social Science qualification wanted by recently established Northumberland Family Care Committee to assist in intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £500. For further particulars apply to The Secretary, Northumberland Family Care Committee, 17 Ellison Place Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. Closing date for applicn. April 5.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapist required, salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Experience in social and recreational activities among psychiatric patients desirable. Applications together with the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

CHILDREN'S Service.—London County Council invites applications from suitably qualified women (teachers or others) for appt. as res. Warden of Gisburne House Approved School, Watford, Herts (accom. 52 girls between 10½—15 yrs.). Exper. of approved school work or comparable work is essential. Quals. in social science or child care would be an advantage. Salary: Burnham scale basis, at present £577 10s.—£751 16s. plus free res. emols. of board, lodging and laundry, subject to review in near future. Details and applic. form (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/279), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap env.) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1; returnable by April 10.

SURREY County Council. Applications are invited from Married Couples for the joint appointment of Warden and Matron to a Working Boys' Hostel situated in Woking accommodating 20 boys. The man must have had experience of adolescent boys and his wife had housekeeping for numbers. Salaries: Warden £440×£15—£500 p.a.; Matron £330×£15—£390 p.a., less £100 p.a. for each in respect of full residential emols. Application forms and fuller details upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/205), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

THE National Council of Social Service invites applications for appointment with the National Old People's Welfare Committee. Experienced organiser with administrative ability and wide knowledge of voluntary and statutory social services. Degree or Social Science Diploma an advantage. Salary from £500 according to experience. Applic. forms from 26 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1, to be completed and returned by April 5.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Resident Foster Mothers required for Children's Home in Oxfordshire. Salary £330 by £15 to £390 per annum, less £100 per annum board and lodging charge. Preference will be given to Home Office training or some other recognised qualifications All appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Applic. forms from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

RUSKIN College, Oxford, invites applications for the post of Housekeeper at its Hostel. Applicants must have experience of catering, supervision of domestic staff, domestic accounts, etc. Interest in adult education and working class organisations an advantage. Number of students and staff (apart from domestic) approximately 50. Salary £250 per annum plus full board and accommodation. The post is superannuable. An application form and full details can be obtained from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford. Closing date for applications April 14, 1954.

THE S.O.S. Society invite applications for the post of Trainee Assistant Warden in their hostel for young men in London. Commencing salary £3 5s. with increases to £4, live in, all found. Pension Scheme for permanent staff and assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Qualifications: Age 23-27, experience welfare work Youth Clubs, etc. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, 24, Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

CAPABLE woman, or would consider married couple required to take charge of small newly established Jewish home for healthy normal children who reside on a short term basis. All modern equipment and facilities in pleasant surroundings in North Manchester. Junior Staff also required for assisting with the children. Non-Jewish applicants will be considered. Box 6675.

EXPD. Kindergarten teacher for co-ed. boarding school with farm. Suit mother with child sch. age. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Visitor. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Children's Visitor. The salary will be in accordance with Grade A.P.T.II for applicants who have successfully completed the Central Training Course for Boarding-Out Officers and/or who possess a degree or Social Science Diploma. A candidate with casework experience of, or an interest in, preventative work in child care would find scope in this post. Applications will be considered from Students completing the Home Office Course at the end of the present session. Further details of salary scales, duties, conditions of service, etc., may be obtained from the undersigned. The closing date for applications is April 30. Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer, 102, Edmund Street, Birmingham 3.

A PRODUCTION Manager is required by a London Publisher to handle and develop a substantial programme of Anglican religious literature (scholarly, educational and popular). He would be dealing with foremost printers and binders, and also have an exclusive claim on a first-class small printing works. Experience, energy and high standards of taste and technique are essential. Minimum starting salary £800, with good prospects. Please write, giving full details of experience, which will be treated in the strictest confidence, to Box 6704.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Organising Secretary to the Northumberland and Tyneside Council of Social Service. Particulars can be obtained from Chairman, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1 (env. marked application), if applied for within 14 days from this date.

MEDICAL Secretary for Children's Psychiatric Department, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Rd., E.2. Working for doctors, psychologists and psychiatric social workers. Shorthand and typing essential. Superannuable post on scale £260 p.a. (age 21) to £345 p.a. with possible additions to the commencing salary. Applications stating age and experience to Secretary.

ASSISTANT Accountant required by the Jewish Board of Guardians. Sound knowledge of book-keeping essential, suitable for young man studying for professional qualification. Good salary. Apply in writing, with full particulars, to The Secretary, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience advantageous, but not essential. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Box 6701.

TRAVELLERS with established connections good class stationers, bookshops, to carry attractive Greeting Xmas Cards. Commission basis. 1, Outer London, 2, Southern Counties, 3, S. W. Counties. Box 6839.

RESIDENT Cook required for students' Hall, 50 residents. Apply to Bursar, Dean Hall, Westcombe Park Rd., Blackheath, London, S.E.3.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts. Head cook of four required on May 1, by vegetarian school catering for 150 residents, 400 mid-day. Good holidays and off-duty. Apply to the Caterer.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST required for travel organisation with offices near Baker Street station. Good working conditions, 5-day week with overtime pay. Knowledge of French an advantage, but main essentials speed and accuracy. Details of age, experience, qualifications and present salary to Ramblers' Association Services, c/o Darbys, 24 Black Friars Lane, E.C.4

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring & Summer. Long/short periods as desired. All districts. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, or 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist able to use own initiative required by important Jewish communal organisation. Please state fully, age, qualifications and experience. Salary according to qualifications. Box 6819.

TEMP. Sh./typs.; C/Typs. &c. reqd. for int. wk. High rates of pay. GER. 1089.

SECRETARY, exp. shorthand correspondent, intelligent, to be in charge, age 25/35. Jewish holidays off. Write exp. & sal. reqd. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO 4577.

KINDLY woman needed to take charge household. Mother (widow), at business. Three children (two at boarding school). Central heating, easily run home, Letchworth. Own room. Box 6091.

OPPORTUNITY on Sussex farm for sterling man. Experience not essential. Interest, energy indispensable. Varied job. Cottage & land for pigs/poultry possible. Apply, full partics. exchanged, Box 6855.

MARRIED couple, no children, to live in on comfortable Cotswold farm. Wife as cook-housekeeper, husband general farm worker, able relief machine milk alternate week-ends. Box 6767.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MARRIED couple with two young children seek joint appointment. Exp. all branches institutional and hotel management. Particularly welcome opportunity to offer vigour and enthusiasm in worthwhile work. Clayton, 29 Great James St., London, W.C.1.

AUSTRALIAN Solicitor sks. 2-3 months' work. Anything. Box 6811.

ABSOLUTELY honest, hard-working young man anxious obtain any sort work (London area) needing intelligence, skill and initiative. Excel. driver, good knowledge London. Harman, 5 Clewer Lodge, Windsor. Windsor 936.

FRENCH/German-spkg. Oxford grad., ex-Brit. Counc. (Arts), now mother, wants work at home or part-time. Exp. trans. Int. lit., painting, psychol. Typewriter. Box 6766.

DESIGNERS. All forms of publicity & printed matter. Complete printing service available. English, French, German. Box 6047.

YOUNG teacher (fm., married) sks. escape in London post. Reasonable salary. Interested in people and arts. Box 6689.

VERY expd. Clerical Assistant (Shtnd.-Typ.) languages, seeks work perm./temp. Pref. some admin. Box 6833, or HAM. 4298.

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EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

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CARNDODMAN Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho, Nr. Truro, Cornwall, on the lovely Roseland Peninsula, has some vacancies for June and September. Write for brochure, or phone Roseland 38.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country House, possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 12. Latter half August booked. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Looe, Cornwall.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton.—Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms of comfort and character. A new venture but already with a reputation. From 7 *gns.* Brochure. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

DEVON. Guest house, own poultry, eggs, cream. 3 acres grounds. Fishing. Children welc. 4½-6½ *gns.* Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6 *gns.* weekly. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Tel. 548.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex. A little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

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COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House; excellent centre; good food; 15*s.* 6*d.* daily, £4 15*s.* weekly. Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

HASTINGS. Book your holiday now. Comfortable private house in beautiful position overlooking sea. Terms: March-June, 6*gns.*, June-Sept. 7*gns.* Box 6252.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Have holidays here this year and enjoy the sea breezes and mountain air. Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort. "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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MUSIC Scholarship for entry in September. Broombank Preparatory School, Selsey-on-Sea, Sussex.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS Month's Penguin Books: Time & Tide Crossword Puzzle Book, The Floating Dutchman—Nicolas Bentley, Red Threads—Rex Stout, Death of a Doll—Hilda Lawrence (2*s.* each); King Penguin: Ackermann's Oxford—H. M. Colvin (5*s.*); Pelicans: The Literature of the United States—Marcus Cunliffe (3*s.* 6*d.*); The Queen's Government—Sir Ivor Jennings (2*s.*); Handbook: The Vegetable Garden—E. R. Janes (2*s.* 6*d.*); Scores: Bach: Brandenberg Concerto No. 4 in G. (3*s.* 6*d.*); Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E. Flat (5*s.*); Puffin Story Book: The Meeting Pool—Mervyn Skipper (2*s.*). Stock List from Penguin Books Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex. American readers please write 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1*s.* monthly from newsagents, or 13*s.* 6*d.* yrly., including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Write for specimen copy (price 6*s.*) and subscription rates to the British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

COOKERY Classics of the Century. "Indian Cookery," by Veerasawmy, 224 pages, the only authentic Indian Cook book. Outstanding, 10*s.* 6*d.* Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations." 640 pages, complete 16*s.*, and he. "Mushroom Recipes," only 7*s.* 6*d.* Published by Arco Publishing Co., Ltd., 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1., and available from all good booksellers.

RELIGION and the Modern World. Special Spring number of "The Plain View," the Humanist Quarterly, articles by J. H. Oldham, Lance Whyte, H. J. Blackham, J. B. Coates, and others. 1*s.* 1½*d.* (post free) from 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

"ATOMIC Guns—or Atomic Butter?" by Commander E. P. Young, R.N. (Retd.), in the April Labour Monthly, out today. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all newsagents; or 9*s.* half-yearly from Dept. N, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

NEW Soviet Criticism. Full text three long, important, stimulating articles. Ehrenburg (Writing), Khachaturian (Music), Alexandrov (Cinema). Also "Renaissance of the Dance" (Illustrated), living standards, law, book reviews, &c. Special double number. Spring issue Anglo-Soviet Journal, 2*s.* 6*d.*, post 3*d.*, from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. or bookshops.

SOVIET Film Plans, 1954. Also "Life in the Arctic"; "Maximka"; Theatre Screened; Script Studio, &c. SCR Film Bulletin No. 6, 1*s.* 6*d.*, post 3*d.*, from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

GORKY on Tolstoy. Also Nikolayeva on crit. of Panferov's new novel; Soviet Books in English; Writers' Congress, &c. SCR Writers' Bulletin No. 6, 1*s.* 6*d.*, post 3*d.* from SCR 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

READ the Hushed-up Facts behind the recent Edinburgh "Inquiry" into Nature Cure treatment. The full story is in "Trial by Newspaper" in the "Kingston Health Chronicle," 7*d.* (by post 8½*d.* or annual sub. 8*s.* 6*d.*) fr. The Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

RESEARCH Communications Project: 3rd Social Research Papers & Bulletin available now from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

BELSIZE Park has a well-stocked Bookshop, with a children's book-room & second-hand dept. Why not come and look round? Open till 6 p.m. Sats. Collet's, 193 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. (opp. Belsize Pk. Tube.)

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

JOYCE, "Ulysses," 1st edition No. 268. Offers to Box 6708.

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

WANTED: Long runs of Horizon; Criterion; Scrutiny; Transition & similar Journals. Large & small Libraries also purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. (MOU. 7244.)

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common, E.5. (STA. 1849.)

GERMAN literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appntmnt. only—MOU. 1482.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s.* 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., April 4 (Club), 7.45. Tues., March 30, for 2 weeks, "The Fire-Eaters."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 days, 5 & 8. "Blood Wedding." Mems. 10*s.* yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Timid People." Delightful new comedy of village life in China. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Adm. 2*s* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* Membs. 2*s.* 6*d.* a year.

IRVING (Whi. 8657). 7.30 (Sun. 6.30), Ellen Pollock in Grand Guignol; 10.30 (Sn. 9.30), Intimate Revue. Membership 5*s.* yearly.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until April 4: Clair Season: "An Italian Straw Hat" (U). Chaplin in "Champion Charlie" (U).

MARBLE Arch Pav. "The Eva Braun & Hitler Story" (U) & "The Island Sinner" (X) 12.10, 2.45, 5.25, 8.5. Sn. 4.30, 7.5.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., March 27, Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Mar. 28. "Ragazze Di Piazza Di Spagna" (A).

LEWISHAM Film Society. LEE 7803. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., March 27, 7.15. "Rip Van Winkle."

CLAIR'S "A Nous La Liberté," presented by Ilford New Era Film Soc. (VAL. 8406.) Sun., Mar. 28, 7.30. Ilford Town Hall.

EVERY Sunday, Club Vienna, 209 Baker St. Opp. Station. The new Continental Rendezvous. Dancing from 7.45-11 p.m. in cosmopolitan atmosphere. Entr. 5*s.* Yearly mem. 1*s.* Foreign students specially welcomed.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat. April 3, Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. 7.30-11. Adm. 3*s.*

LA Cage! Licensed Club, Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell, Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

GLENCOE Arts Club—Sailing Barge Glencoe, The Hollows, Brentford (50 yds. above Kew Bridge). Open daily to mems. & their guests 5-midnight. Bar. Traditional Jazz every Thurs. Mems. 1*s.* 6*d.*, gsts. 3*s.*

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. GRO. 6186. Gala Dance with Cabaret, Sat., March 27, 8-12. Dancing to Coleman-De Vere Band. Cabaret, Uriel Porter, the well known West Indian Coloured Singer of stage, radio, films & television. Members 5*s.*, Guests 7*s.* 6*d.*

CONCERTS

BACH and Boccherini. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., March 27 at 8.15. Bach—Harpsichord Concerto in F minor and Trio in G. Boccherini—Quintet for flute and strings and String Trio in D. WAT. 3191.

CHILDREN'S Concerts featuring the Harpsichord. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sats. March 27 and April 10 at 11 a.m. Millicent Silver will talk on the harpsichord, play solos and in duets, trios etc. with John Francis, flute, and Peter Mountain, violin. Programme and tickets, 2*s.* and 3*s.* from Box Office. WAT. 3191.

MORLEY College Concerts Society presents Harry Danks (viola and viola d'amore), James Lockhart (organ) and Morley College Choir (cond. P. R. Fricker) in music by Palestrina, des Prés, di Lasso, Weelkes, Tomkins, Bach, Brahms, Alain and Pepping. First English perf. of Frank Martin's Sonata da Chiesa for viola d'amore and organ. All Souls', Langham Place, Tues., March 30, 8 p.m. Adm. by programme 2*s.* 6*d.* from Sec., M.C. Concerts Society, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, or at Church door night of concert.

80TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Friday, April 9, at 7.30. Piano Music by Olivier Messiaen played by Yvonne Loriod and the composer. Tickets 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* from Hall.

WIGMORE Hall, W.1. Tues., March 30, at 7.30. Raymond Cohen (Violin), Franz Reizenstein (Piano). Sonatas by: Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy. Tickets: 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.*, at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418).

LIES Askonas announces (in association with Wilfrid Van Wyck) The Distinguished Pianist Andor Foldes. Only Recital this Season. Wigmore Hall, Sat., April 3, 7.30. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.* at Hall. WEL. 2141/Agts.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* post free.

TATE Gallery. Pleydell-Bouverie Collection of French Impressionist Paintings. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Adm. free.

WHISTLER. An exhibition of Etchings, Dry-Points & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes March 27. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Pierre Dumont (1884-1936) "Maitre de Rouen." Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 10.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paul Signac (1863-1935): First Exhibition in London. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until April 15.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MSS. of Brooke, Flecker, de la Mare, D. H. Lawrence & more than 100 other writers in National Book League Exhibition: Edward Marsh, Patron of Poets & Painters. 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. March 10-April 10. 11-5 week-days. Thursdays 11-8. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Recent British Drawings. Daily 10.30-6. Last day, March 27. Members free, non-members 1*s.* 6*d.* Private View March 31 at 5.30, Exhibition Victor Passmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54, arranged by Lawrence Alloway, to be opened by R. H. Wilenski, 6 p.m. Members free, guests 2*s.* 6*d.*

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. The John Nash and Claude Venard Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt, by courtesy of the Toy Museum, are showing in their windows (94 Wimpole Street, W.1) a unique Exhibition of Playthings from many places and periods.

OHANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, London, W.1. Exhibition of recent works by Thalia Malcolm. Abstracts by Pierre Grimm.

W. G. GILLIES & John Maxwell and Steinlen. Two Arts Council Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till April 10. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1*s.* (to both exhibitions).

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Italian Influence on French, Flemish and Dutch Painting from 1550-1650.

THE Matthiesen Gallery: Paintings and drawings by Jankel Adler; daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 15. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by William Nicholson and Desmond, Lord Harmsworth.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon (Awarded Critics' Prize 1954).

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, London, W.1. Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 9.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ABBE Pierre speaks at "One World—or None" Great Public Meeting in Central Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, March 30, at 7 p.m. (Doors open 6.30 p.m.) Speakers include: Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P., Signora Chiesa Tibaldi (Italy), I. J. Pitman, M.P., A. A. Vondeling, M.P. (Holland), Prof. Hugo Osvald (Sweden). Chairman: Gilbert McAllister. Admission free. Reserved seats 5*s.* & 2*s.* 6*d.* from Parliamentary Association for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6, or Federal Union and Crusade for World Government, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2 (TRA. 2275).

"THE Grammar School Teacher's Salary." Public protest meeting, Friday, March 26, 7 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road. Speakers: A. W. S. Hutchings, M.A., Sec. I.A.A.M.; A. R. Woolley, M.A., Sec., Oxford University Appointments Board.

LONDON Jewish Society—"The Unique Role of Labour in Israel," talk by Akiva Eger, of the Jewish Agency, 8 p.m. Tuesday, March 30. Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portland St., W.1. Visitors 2*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON Jewish Society—"A History of Jewish Music"—talk by Joseph Roth, with gramophone records, 8 p.m. Thursday, April 1. Vienna Cafe, Berkeley Court, Baker St., W.1. Visitors 2*s.* 6*d.*

TRADITIONAL Drumming and Dancing Among the Ewe People. Lecture-demonstration by Dr. S. D. Cudjoe and the West African Arts Club on Friday, April 2, 7.30 p.m., at the English Folk Dance and Song Society, 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. GUL. 2206. Admission: Non-Members 3*s.*

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 3 at 6 p.m. Miss R. Tomatis: "Capri Fuori Stagione."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 28. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Road and Life." Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Miss Hilda Kahn on "Wages and all that." Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2. Monday, March 29, 8 p.m. Visitors 2*s.*

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., April 2, 8 p.m. Miss Violetta Elvin (Covent Garden Ballet): "The Ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre" (in Eng.). Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* for non-mems. must be booked in advance.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Case Against German Rearmament," Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P., Stephen Swingler, M.P., Hugh Sutherland. Chair: Ian Mikardo, M.P. 7.30 p.m., March 31. Hampstead Town Hall. Admission 1*s.* at door. Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers. Monday, March 29, 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4. Dr. L. T. Hilliard and Dr. D. Elizabeth Bunbury on "Mental Deficiency and Mental Disease." Friends welcome.

I.L.P. Forum. Geo. Padmore: "The Buganda Crisis." Sun., Mar. 28, 7.30. Montague Hotel, Montague St. (nr. Russell Sq.), W.C.1.

"SCHOOLS and Race Relations." An address by The Earl of Lucan at Friends House, Euston Rd., at 8 p.m. on Monday, March 29, 1954, organised by Racial Unity. (Nearest station Euston Square.)

WHY War in the Colonies? Hear Lt. Col. Read Collins and African speaker at Hornsey Small Town Hall, Crouch End Broadway, 7.45 p.m., March 31.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. Mar. 31, 7.30 p.m. W. T. Rodgers, Gen. Sec. of Fabian Society: "Old Masters and New Demagogy," St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2*s.*

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture Fri., 8.15, Apr. 2: Dr. J. Avery Joyce: "India and Calendar Reform." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, March 30, 7 p.m. Stuart Morris, "Does Pacifism Offer a Practical Way to Peace?" Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight Friday, March 26. J. H. Lloyd, "Social Humanism." Friday, April 2, Dr. Z. Jordan, "Polish Frontiers."

"COMMUNISM: Not only Threat but Challenge." Dr. C. A. Smith, M.A., Gen. Sec., Common Cause. Friends House, Euston Rd., 7.30, Mon., March 29. 1*s.* 6*d.*

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., March 31, 6.30 p.m. "Pointing the Way." Mr. R. Percheron. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "A Retrospect." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., March 28, 6.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., April 1, 7.30; "The Upanishads."

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Next Tuesday, March 30, Lecture on "Maya." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON Labour Party Easter Lectures. Britain and International Affairs. Fri., April 2: Commonwealth Relations, Lecturer: Rt. Hon Phillip Noel Baker, M.P. Fri., April 9: Britain and the United States, Lecturer: Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Wed., April 14: Britain and the U.S.S.R.—East-West Trade, Lecturer: Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P. All lectures Church House, Bishop Partridge Hall, Great Smith St., S.W.1, 7.30. Tickets 1*s.* each. Series ticket all lectures 2*s.* 6*d.* Applications: London Labour Party, 258-262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded and may be competed for in May. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature: Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns.*; 21 days, 27*gns.*); covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class, 1½*gns.*; 2nd class, 2½*gns.* Write for leaflet "1954 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

POTTERY Course Aug. 2-13, beginners welcome. Non-resident £12 12*s.* Full details from John Shelly, Bath Pottery, Gay Street, Bath.

FOREIGN Languages. Coaching at all standards daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes Street, Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3*d.*, Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

EXTERNAL Students' Seminar, April 23-25: "Pre-exam. Morale." at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. (This week: Writing; next: Folkdancing.)

FAULTY posture, mal-co-ordinated movement and unbalanced tension, including the complex phenomenon known as nervous tension, are increasingly recognised by doctors and others as causes of many disorders, and as aggravating factors in still more. In overcoming these factors relief from symptoms may be gained and a higher standard of well-being and effectiveness enjoyed. Sec.: Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. PARk 7222.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FIRST-class piano teacher accepts beginners & advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

"LABOUR and Public Opinion": Fabian Easter School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, April 15-19, David Butler, Charles Fletcher-Cooke, M.P., Lena Jeger, M.P., Ian Mikardo, M.P., William Pickles, Vicky, Michael Young. Details from: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

EASTER and Summer Drama Schools. Three Arts Centre, W.1. (Day/Evg.) Director: Marian Naylor Acting Technique. Speech, Stage Movement, Production, Make-up, &c. 4½*gns.* & 5½*gns.* Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

SOVIET Life and Culture: S.C.R. Holiday Summer School, Sept. 4-11. Wortley Hall, nr. Sheffield. All-in fee £6 covers accommodation, 4 meals a day, daily lectures, Russian classes (beginners and elementary) and conversation, sports facilities (billiards, chess, fishing, table-tennis, tennis, &c.), two film shows, musical evening. Members' bar. Children at special rates. Fee does not incl. travel or organised outings. Tutors: Afd. W. M. Hyman, Dr. A. Kettle, Dr. R. L. Meek, A. Rothstein, K. Watkins, &c. Book early. Send full fee £6 or part payment, deposit 30*s.* per person (state whether Russian classes desired) to: Organiser, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Summer School. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. July 10-17, July 17-24. Residence in University Hall. Courses in Archæology, Philosophy, History, Economics, International Politics, Local Government, Trade Union Studies, Art, Music. Inclusive charge for residence, board and tuition, 5*gns.* Scholarship grants provided by Trade Unions in the W.E.T.U.C. Programmes available from W.E.A., Northern District, 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

SCHOLARSHIPS to Swedish Summer Schools are available to many trade unionists. For others there is a reduced charge of £27 10*s.* This includes board at college, tuition and air fare. Write for particulars to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

THE French Universities are organising holiday courses in Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Caen, Cannes, Dijon, Grenoble, Montpellier, Nice, Pau, La Rochelle, Saint-Malo, Strasbourg Tours. For particulars apply to the Cultural Attaché to the French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1.

POSTCARDS to Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, bring plans of Easter, Whit & Summer Schools (incl. International Seminars).

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Graham Sutherland Auto-Lithograph "The Sick Duck"; Wardrobe; Writing-desk; large Electric Cooker; Cocktail-cabinet; Kitchen-mixer; Hair-drier; Radiogram; Grundig Tape Recorder, new and guaranteed, latest model, 66*gns.* (London).

WANTED: Hare's "Walks in Rome"; Nevels: "The Dead Harm No-one," E. Baker Quinn, "The Cross-eyed Bear," Dorothy B. Hughes; £1 each offered for "Scrutiny," V. 1, No. 3, V. 4, No. 4, V. 8, No. 1; Rosenberg, History Bolshevism; Borkenau, Communist International; Trotsky, Chinese Revolution; London B.A. Gown; Used French Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 420—423.

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